

# The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

VOL 5--NO. 44.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO, JULY 13, 1850.

WHOLE NO. 252.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE,  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT  
SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.

TERMS.—\$1.50 per annum if paid in advance.  
\$2.50 per annum if paid within the first six months of the subscriber's year.  
\$3.00 per annum, if payment be delayed beyond six months.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor. All others to JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

## Selections.

From The Liberator.

SPEECH OF W. LLOYD GARRISON,  
IN FANEUIL HALL, THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 20.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I am sure that there is a candid disposition to hear something in regard to the appalling condition of three millions of our countrymen in chains at the South. I should be glad to occupy a very short time in holding them up to the view of this great assembly, in their wretchedness, their degradation, their hopeless despair. If I thought they were not altogether given over to popular contempt, derision and hatred,—so that, in the present excited state of feeling, there seems to be no willingness to listen to the story of their wrongs,—I should like to speak directly to the question of their enslavement.

But, sir, I am now going to forget them all,—not in reality, but for the occasion. While I stand on this platform, I will not think of their fetters; I will not speak of their stripes; I will not tell how they are herded with four-footed beasts, denied all light and knowledge, plundered of every right. No, sir, let them be forgotten! If it has come to this, men of Massachusetts, that you care nothing for their wrongs; that you are unwilling to hear their groans; that you refuse to mark their tears, or count their sighs; that you are hostile to their liberation; be it so, at least for this occasion.

Sir, it is not a question, to-night, about Southern slaves, which is first in order; but it is, where do we ourselves stand? What is the freedom that we enjoy? If the slaves at the South may be justly held in bondage, are we at the North to lose our liberties? What law men may lawfully be made slaves, what law to be our condition? Shall we enjoy the right, as Massachusetts men, as Bostonians, under the Constitution, peaceably to assemble together to consult about common grievances and common dangers; or, with the liberties of the black man, is that right to be cloven down for ever? If the slaves of the South may not speak their thoughts, have we of the North a right to speak ours? That, sir, is the question for us to settle here in Faneuil Hall.

What is the freedom of speech enjoyed on the other side of the Atlantic? They have a republic in France—a republic in form—as we have here. Is the liberty of speech, or of the press, tolerated therein? No. Who does not know that the despotism of Louis Napoleon is as stringent as was that of Louis Philippe? That every outspoken friend of freedom and equality is under the ban of the government? That every press, which dares to arraign existing tyranny, is proscribed, and its editor heavily fined or thrown into prison? (1)

What is the liberty of speech in Italy?—What is it in Russia? No man may attempt to exercise it in those countries, except at the peril of his life.

Now, every American says—and says truly—that the reason, the only reason of this, is because despotism is triumphant there; because the people are ground down to the dust; because the tyrants are conscious that they cannot maintain their position in any other manner. That is just the whole story; for if there were no tyranny there, then would be the freest in the world.

Well, sir, how is it in this country? We live in a republic, as the French people do. Have we the liberty of speech more than they? I mean on all subjects, in all parts of the country? Every one knows that, in the slaveholding States of this Union, no man may dare to give free utterance to his thoughts, on one particular subject, at least,—the last subject to seal up the lips of a free man, that of chattel slavery,—whatever else

(1) A Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune, in his last letter, says—

'Paris is fuller than ever of soldiers; 150,000 is now the number of troops of the line actually here. It is difficult for us to imagine such vast multitudes of men, regularly disciplined, every one in his place, marching like death machines, hard, fierce, terrible. The drum is louder than the loudest of springs. It echoes through piles of stones. I can see any day in Paris more drummers, side by side, thumping like one, than ever I saw of regular troops in the United States. This will give the army an idea of the multitudinous, roaring substantiation of war, which now distinguishes the Ant-Front of the Universe.'

If you go to the Assembly, you will see the palace of the French Congress garnished with a few hundreds of the grim Chasseurs of Vincennes, the most daring and desperate of French soldiers. It is a fine Democratic architecture. Columns *a la Russe*, buttresses *a la Canons*, frieze *a la Hercules*.

It is useful as well as ornamental. This architecture protects the men whom the people have elected against the people, and the inquiring mind will discover in the city of Paris 135,000 soldiers for the same purpose.

The city is studied in the army as the map of an enemy's country. Every street, every *cul de sac* is known. Every officer has his special spot assigned, and the higher officers' successors are already named, in case of sudden death or inability.

he may be permitted to say; for he must speak by permission, if he speak at all. There is one subject, I say, in that vast section of the country, which no man can discuss safely, and at the same time fearlessly; for if he should boldly proclaim—I abhor slavery in every form, most of all that which makes men, women and children marketable commodities—I regard the negro as a man and a brother—I am in favor of immediate and unconditional emancipation!—he is (hear, O Heaven! and give ear O Earth!) a doomed man; upon him will be visited the vengeance of Lynch law; for him the dungeon yawns; and, peradventure, he must die a felon's death!

Why this prohibition of free speech? Why this murderous treatment, in case that prohibition is manifestly disregarded? Precisely for the same reason that exists for the suppression of thought and speech in Europe.—Tyranny will not, cannot bear investigation, whether at home or abroad.

'The thief doth fear each bush an officer.'

So much for the South. There is nothing in Italy, nothing in Austria, nothing in Russia, more ferocious or more terrible in its opposition to the spirit of liberty, than exists in the slaveholding States.

How is it with ourselves, on Puritan soil—in the old Bay State? The excitement, the confusion, the wild uproar, created among us by a free discussion of this question of slavery—what does it indicate? Have we a right to speak our own thoughts, or not? Remember, I am not talking about the Southern slaves, but endeavoring to ascertain whether we have any rights of our own.

Be the consequences what they may, we are here to protest against slavery—whether the cause of impartial liberty—who doubts it?—We are here for the purpose of completing the revolution begun by our fathers, and left by them to be perfected by their descendants. So far as they struck for independence, and trampled the tyranny of the mother country under their feet, they did well. But, alas! they did not break every yoke; the fetters of their own bondmen remained heavy and strong. It is for us to perform what they left undone, and to decree that there shall not be tolerated on the American soil a despot or a slave.

Sir, as a people, we are free to criticize the deeds and institutions of nations far removed from us. We criticize their manners and their morals—strongly denounce what we deem unjust, and warmly applaud what we find worthy of commendation, among them. Whether it be the monarch on the throne, or the minister in the cabinet, we record our opinions of him and his acts in plain terms, and with all possible freedom. Now, where—in our justification to be found for this intermeddling? What right have we to talk of persons out of our own country? How dare we to rebuke, say, to denounce the tyranny of Russia and Austria? We dare to do this, because we claim to be free men, and maintain that despots are everywhere to be executed. We are free men, and therefore are not afraid of the Austrian Emperor or the Russian Autocrat. We are not afraid of any body outside of our country—not we!—Are we afraid of any body inside of it?

Again, I ask, what right have we to meddle with the affairs of other nations? Yet it will be recollected that, only a short time since, the most distinguished leader of the Democratic party, General Cass, stood up in his place in the United States Senate, and made an earnest and eloquent speech in vindication of the right of the American government to manifest its abhorrence of Austrian despotism, in a most pointed form. He moved that our diplomatic intercourse with Austria be suspended, and forcibly urged the duty and importance of registering a strong moral protest, in relation to her sanguinary treatment of the noble Hungarians. He maintained that, if we could not directly interfere, there was one thing we had a right to do—to raise a note of remonstrance, that would cause even a Haynau to cower, and the despot of Russia to tremble. Such a testimony, he said, would sink deeply into the heart of the civilized world. General Cass was right, in this estimate of moral power; he did not exaggerate the potency of a rectified public sentiment arrayed against atrocious cruelty.

Mr. Chairman, if we may travel out of our country with all possible freedom around the globe, and assume the right to concern ourselves with affairs in which we are not immediately interested—with nations, for whose government we are not responsible; if we may do this, I say, and no one be found to raise his voice against it, may we not exercise as much liberty in examining our own institutions, as we do in reviewing those of other countries? If it is not impertinent, if it is not improper, nay, if it is commendable and patriotic, for us to censure what is cruel and despotic in Austria, is it unpatriotic, is it improper, is it not equally commendable and patriotic, for us to denounce what is atrocious and indefensible in this republic? In all such matters, it seems to me that it is most fit that we should first look at home.—As an apostle of old said, 'Let judgment begin at the house of God.'

Sir, we are living under a despotism, a most appalling despotism; under a power which does not take away political rights merely, but, so far at least as one-sixth portion of our teeming population is concerned, all that belongs to manhood. Yes, millions of our countrymen are in chains to-night! You know that they are held as property, and bought and sold like beasts. You know that it is illegal to give them even the rudiments of education. You know that they are driven to their unrequited toil with the blood-stained lash, and subjected to every privation, by flight, they may be legally hunted with blood-hounds, and shot down with rifles. You know it all, and I ask, has it come to this, that we are not, even in Faneuil Hall, to protest against such injustice, to denounce such barbarity, to execrate such

tyranny, to declare our undying attachment to the cause of universal freedom? [Prolonged cheering.]

Now, sir, I appeal to the good sense of this vast assembly, whether there should be tolerated in our country any thing which is opposed to free discussion; which dreads investigation; which relies on a lawless mob, or the summary infliction of Lynch law, for its protection; which, like the voice of conscious guilt, continually cries—

'Put out the light, and then—put out the light!'

Well, after the manner of despotism, in all ages exclaims—'Let us have nothing but darkness here! Let us insist on all tongues being mute! The warm pulsations of the heart must be suppressed! There is security only in stagnation and gloom!'

The defenders of slavery maintain that it is a valuable institution, and cannot be overthrown without disastrous results. Well, fellow-citizens, does a good thing skulk from the light? Is an excellent thing afraid to be looked at? Is that, on which the true prosperity of the country is based, something which cannot be handled and must not be examined? Absurd! Every reflecting man knows, that whatever practice, custom, or institution forbids discussion or dreads scrutiny, must be incapable of defence; or, at least, justly subjects itself to suspicion as inherently vicious.

How is it with us at the North? What is there in our agricultural, manufacturing or commercial pursuits,—in any of our institutions, 'peculiar' or common,—that may not be investigated, censured and assailed, without the risk of personal outrage? Nothing! And why is this? Because we have confidence in their rectitude; or, if it can be shown that they are oppressive or dangerous, we are willing to be instructed.

In this whole country, nothing should be allowed to exist on the soil, for one moment, which cannot challenge as close a scrutiny, and welcome as unfettered a discussion. Is it not so?

Now, then, if slavery be a system worth preserving—if it be a desirable condition for those who are under it—it can be shown by fair argument, by manly reasoning, by undeniable facts; shown, too, not merely by the slaveholders, but by the testimony of far better witnesses—the slaves themselves! O, sir, it is said, the slaves are happy; they are contented; they desire nothing more. Well, if this be true, I tell you that a happy and contented people are able to give utterance to their feelings, and to let the world know their wishes. I therefore turn to them, and ask—'Are you so happy as slaves, that you do not desire to be freemen?'

[Cries of 'Fire!'] and considerable disturbance, which lasted for some minutes.—A person who fired a torpedo was arrested, and removed from the hall by the police.—Order being at length restored, Mr. Garrison proceeded.]

Sir, these three millions of slaves are voiceless; for they dare not speak of their wrongs. There is a good deal said against the abolitionists, because they avow themselves to be disunionists. What do you mean by union? Are the American people one body? [Yes!] Be it so! We are one body—East and West, North and South; one body, but many members. Now, then, 'whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it.' Hence it is plain, that if there be any thing which tends to injure, degrade or peril one portion of the country, or which is destructive to the welfare and prosperity of the nation, we are all the more entitled to speak freely in regard to it, from the fact of our consolidation; therefore, it cannot be truthfully said, that we have nothing to do with what is done in the South, touching the continuance of slavery in that section; for the growth of that foul system threatens a general catastrophe.

Sir, I ask, whether the Southern slaveholders are at all squeamish in discussing any question pertaining to the interests of New England? Do they not both claim and exercise the right to speak of our institutions, our manners and customs, just as freely as they please? Does any one in New England object, or is any one offended? No. We acknowledge their right to dissent from us, to warn and rebuke us; and when they come among us, we neither insist on conformity, nor threaten to tar and feather them if they dare to tell us what they think of us.

On the other hand, nothing of freedom left to us, men of New England? Have we no right to sit in judgment upon any thing done in the slaveholding South? Remember, no one here proposes to act unlawfully or unconstitutionally. We only claim a common right to utter our honest convictions manfully, and to enjoy protection in so doing. Yet, the moment we turn our eyes southward, (we cannot go there in person, except at the peril of our lives,) and speak in terms of honest indignation against its vast system of blood, and crime, and tyranny, unparalled beneath the sun, there are those who admonish us to mind our own business, and to cease meddling with other people's affairs? And yet these very people tell us that we are members of one body,—involved, we embraced in a common destiny,—and, if any portion of the country be foully recreant to God and liberty, and the other does not lift up a voice of remonstrance against such a suicidal policy, we must go down in one common ruin!

The Union of our country! Mr. Chairman, I am not a disunionist, in an evasive sense. I advocate no disunion of freemen. I am for union! [Sensation.] I am—as Daniel Webster said he was, in his reply to Hayne of South Carolina—for 'LIBERTY and UNION, now and for ever!' [Immense enthusiasm.] For *where liberty truly exists, there will be union, of course.* But I am not for SLAVERY and UNION, or for any compact of which slavery is recognized as one of its elements, or in which slavery finds any security. This is the issue we make before the country and the world. The American Union is tainted, corrupted, cursed by slavery. We are ruled

by the Slave Power, which is omnipotent to raise to all places of honor and preferment, to strike down those who occupy those places, and to shape the destiny of the republic as now organized. Now, this is our declaration: God never yet made it possible for freemen and tyrants to coalesce, or for liberty and slavery to flourish together. Be not cheated by a name. The American Union, so called, is not a union in reality. It is a despotism, after all; and, for one, I declare my uncompromising hostility to despotism in every form, call it what you may, and howsoever it may disguise itself. [Cheers and groans.]

Well, there appears to be a dissent from this. [Laughter and hisses.] Let us have the freest expression, and yet preserve our self-respect. I repeat it: we are living under a despotism, which we have christened by the name of 'Union,' and are deluded by the notion that we are freemen.

One word further in regard to the free expression of opinion. Doubtless, there are some in this assembly who neither sympathize with the slave, nor desire to utter a word for his deliverance; and, therefore, they may see no evil in preventing by violence others from pleading his cause. But, remember, we are creatures of change. Remember, we do not want the right to talk to-night only, but to-morrow also, in accordance with our convictions. It may be that, to-morrow, better thoughts—at least, other thoughts—may take possession of our minds, and we may see in that poor mangled slave the image of Jesus, and a brother man, and may wish to cry aloud for his emancipation.

Some of you are Democrats—others are Whigs. As such, your particular party enlists your feelings and secures your allegiance. You may not dream of changing your sentiments, and perhaps may not do so; that is not the question. But what if, to-morrow, you should see good reason for altering your position: ought you not to have the right to do so? Beware, then, how you trample upon a principle, the sacrifice of which interferes with your freedom as men, as much as it does with ours, who happen to espouse an unpopular cause.

Let me appeal to the democratic portion of this audience. Democracy is based upon the Declaration of Independence, is it not? It goes for the freedom and equality of the entire human race—in theory, at least. Well, what is your freedom in this 'glorious' Union, under your 'glorious' Constitution?—Test this matter practically. You travel south of Mason and Dixon's line, and there behold the slave cuffed, driven in chains to a distant market—the human flesh auctioned, and crouching slaves on the plantation. Indignant at such a spectacle, you loudly exclaim against it: you pronounce it inhuman and anti-democratic; to the last degree; you avow your sympathy with the slave as 'a man and a brother.' What then? None will rally more promptly to your tarring and feathering than your Southern democratic brethren! And this is your 'glorious' Union! [Applause and hisses.]

Is it not so? I draw no fancy sketch—I exaggerate nothing. Yes, you may cry out,—'I am an American citizen, from the old Bay State, and a member of the great democratic party!'—it will avail you nothing. If you persist in denouncing slavery, by democratic hands you shall be outraged, and peradventure choked to death! You can live in safety there, only by not daring to be a man, and by making slaveholding and slave-breeding compatible with genuine democracy? What a 'glorious' Union!

How is it with you whigs? You profess to be quite as democratic as the democrats themselves. You also hold to the Declaration of Independence. You believe in preserving the Union. And what is your liberty under it? Let one of you venture to the South, and proclaim uncompromising opposition to the slave system—let him demand the immediate liberation of the enslaved, and arraign the slaveholders for their groans of oppression—and, though it should be Daniel Webster himself, his Southern whig brethren would instantly make the soil too hot for him to tread upon! To save his life, an ignominious flight would be necessary. Is such a Union glorious? Is it to be perpetuated at all hazards?

Whigs and democrats of the North, do you not know that when a blow is aimed at the existence of slavery, the whigs and democrats of the South act by one impulse?—'Like kindred drops, they mingle into one!'

Their whiggery is nothing, their democracy is nothing, party triumph nothing, the Constitution nothing, the Union nothing, in comparison with the safety and perpetuity of that hideous system. Do you not see, therefore, that the condition of your alliance with them is this—he treacherous to freedom, and succumb to their despotic sway? How is it that you are so blind?

The times are troublous; the wheels of government move heavily; anxiety and dismay are every where visible; men's hearts are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming upon the land? But who or what is justly responsible for this state of things? Not the abolitionists—not the anti-slavery movement. No! It is slavery—SLAVERY—NOTHING BUT SLAVERY. Let the blame rest heavily on those who advocate or apologize for slavery, for the dread responsibility is theirs. Take that disturbing element out of the republic, and we are one; our institutions are one; our interests are one; our aims and aspirations are one; our hearts are one; and the God we worship is one. Are we of the free States in fierce collision with each other?—Is Ohio arrayed against Massachusetts, or Maine against Ohio? No—we are all one, because we are the free tillers of the soil, and ours are the interests of freemen. Abolish slavery, and God will give us peace, prosperity, safety, in largest measure—not till then. Then shall we have a 'glorious' Union in fact, as well as in form, as such a world has never seen. I am here to advocate such a Union, that justice may triumph

and liberty prevail universally. (Repeated cheers.)

Who are they who would clamor down freedom of speech, on the ground that it cannot be safely tolerated? Who are they who deny the right of secession, and declare that revolution is a treasonable act? Braggarts, who talk of their Puritan blood, and boast of their revolutionary sires! Let them not dare to insult the memory of Washington, by raising a shout when his name is mentioned. Our fathers never claimed infallibility; they never said, 'We cannot err!' they never said, 'Our government is perfection itself, and so admits of no change, and calls for no amendment!' They exhibited no such folly. They left in the Constitution a provision for you to alter or abrogate it, as clay is moulded in the hands of the potter.

So in regard to change in the form of government—they imposed no yoke on their descendants. Among the 'self-evident truths' which they recognized in their Declaration of Independence was this: 'that when any form of government becomes oppressive, it is not only the right, but the duty of the people to throw off such government, and to provide new safeguards for their future security.' This is the lesson of rebellion they have taught us! Do we indeed revere their memories? Are we worthy to be called their sons?

'Now, by our fathers' ashes, where's the spirit of the true-hearted and the unshackled gone? Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit Their names alone?

Shall our New England stand erect no longer, But stoop in chains upon her downward way, Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger, Day after day?

The revolution we stand here to advocate is a moral one. We counsel no shedding of blood. We implore that our enslaved countrymen may be instantly liberated. We will not give any aid or countenance to their enslavement, however strong the temptation to the liberal reward. Is this a crime? Is this to be hissed at? What, then, is virtuous in action or glorious in example?

'Too long have we been corrupted by slavery; too long spurned upon by it; too long subjugated to its fiendish will. But, thank God, the spirit of liberty is rising! In spite of opposition, fierce and formidable, that spirit is going on, conquering and to conquer.' We have no cause for discouragement or dismay. It is for tyrants alone to tremble! Whatever compromises, plots, coalitions may be formed, in Congress or out of it, to put down this great movement, as well attempt to stop the swing of the ocean when the tempest is at its height, as to crush or intimidate the spirit which animates its advocates.

'Glory to them who die in this great cause! Mob, judges, can inflict no brand of shame, Or shade of death, to shroud them from applause!'

No, mangers of the martyr's earthly frame, Your hangmen fingers cannot touch his fame! Still in this guilty land there shall be some True hearts, the shrines of Freedom's vestal flame!

Long trains of ill may pass unheeded—dumb—But vengeance is behind, and Justice is to come! (Applause—confusion—and 'three cheers for Webster!')

## SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

We have been honored with a glorious audience in Faneuil Hall. There has been a report current of a great pro-slavery speech made lately in the city of Washington. But I am inclined to think it a mistake; for I have never seen such anti-slavery gatherings before, in the city of Boston, as I have witnessed this week. You know Falstaff thought that if he 'was not witty himself, he was the cause of wit in others'; and of a certain great man, who shall be nameless, it can with truth be said, that if he is not anti-slavery himself, he is certainly the abundant cause why other men come to anti-slavery meetings. (Applause.) The abolitionists, then, are bound to make their very best bow to the discussions that have gone on in Congress for the last six months.

Nothing less than a scene like this would come up to the revolutionary precedent which our fathers have set us. ('Good!') It was here under this roof that the first rude conflict of opinion was ever witnessed between liberty and slavery, on this side the waters. And if the ark of our Constitution founders in this discussion, one thing will ride out the tempest, and that is, the fame of Faneuil Hall. (Cheers.)

As for this matter of the Union, Mr. Chairman, we know in what a glorious strain it has been addressed. Let me quote the noblest lines, certainly, that have ever been given to it, from the pen of Longfellow:—

'Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of coming years,  
Is hinging breathless on thy fate.  
We know what master laid thy keel,  
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
What anvil rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.'

This is the Union you idolize. The present crisis, the question which the nation is now called to answer, will prove its value.—'When the sea is calm, all boats alike show mastership in floating.' The ship which deserves so lofty a praise as that, should be to the discussions that have gone on in Congress for the last six months.

'Give me where I can stand, and I will move the world,' said the old philosopher.—Our fathers, when they framed this Union, supposed they were giving us a platform on which man could stand and work miracles. It has been only holiday sport for the last sixty years; we have sailed with gay banners, over laughing ridges. And now, for the first time, the storm gathers in the North.—It darkens the whole horizon. A fierce struggle between the very elements of our

political being makes every beam and timber creak. The question is forced on every American. Are these schools, this religion, this government of ours, worth any thing, under and through which to unfold and hold up, aid and carry forward humanity? If they are not, like shrivelled parchment, throw them aside, and make better. But if they are, if your Union shall ride out the agitation, well and good. When it has freed the slave, when it has proclaimed liberty to all the inhabitants, you shall find no man surpass the abolitionists in their eulogy of the instrument which has been found capable of this most unexpected virtue. Do not think us irreconcilably divided from you.—O, no! It is certain men whose opinions do not keep over night that are most in the way of popular agreement on this subject. Dr. Johnson said, you know, 'you could make a good deal of a Scotchman, if you caught him young.' You can make something of the speech of Daniel Webster, if you get it fresh. (Laughter.) But mind that you get the last edition. (Renewed merriment.)

It is possible that I may now address some of the 383 hymns and the 4 Doctors of Divinity, the retainers of that illustrious—or notorious—man. ('Three cheers for Webster!—Three more—Three for Old Zack!') On the 7th of March, jury trial for fugitive slaves was to be pressed, 'in all its provisions, to the fullest extent.' That pledge got 287 endorsers. But somehow, it got very many critics also; and so, after a while, it leaks out that Mr. Webster had in his desk, but forgot it, an amendment proposing jury trial. The remembrance, the lucky remembrance, of this fact, helped him. Alas for the 287 whom it left endorsing his obnoxious! his forgetfulness! But lo! let them be comforted, since Mr. Webster soon proved to the Newburyport Committee, that there was at least one 'insuperable' objection to jury trial in such cases! That argument again helps the retainers, and soothes their wounded feelings; it is hardly worth while to say where it leaves Daniel and his tardily remembered amendments! But, presto! up jumps the statesman, a few days after, and submits to the Senate, not an amendment, but a Bill securing this 'insuperable' right of jury trial—and a Bill that had lain in his desk since February!—And there let us leave Daniel, the Retainers, and the Newburyport Committee, to settle the confusion together.

Is there not a story, Mr. Chairman, in Joe Miller, of one who borrowed a kettle, and was sued for returning it broken? And his plea in defence was, that 1st. It was broken when he borrowed it; 2d. He never borrowed it at all! Our Senator must have had these cases in his eyes, during the whole matter. 1st. No jury trial at all, Mr. Mason; your bill is the thing. 2d. O, you 'misunderstand' me, Mr. Atlas-Old-Whig; I had an amendment securing jury trial in my desk, only it slipped my mind! 3d. Nonsense! Gentlemen of Newburyport, there is one 'insuperable' objection to jury trial in this matter! 4th. What is all this noise about? This jury trial thunder is all mine! I have had a Bill securing it to fugitive slaves in my desk ever since February!

There used to be an old Jew, who lived by the side of the Federal Street Theatre, known to many of you, or if not known to your fathers, by the name of Moses Wallack. He sold lottery tickets. One day, a countryman going toward State street passed the Jew's office. He beckoned him in, and sold him a ticket. When the verdant stranger reached State street—

A Voice.—I knew him.  
Mr. Phillips.—Any relative? (Laughter.) When the stranger reached State street, he found the number of that very ticket he had just bought had drawn a prize, and he had made a fortune in a moment. And so, not remembering Mr. Chairman, that in that day there were two or three classes in lotteries—Class No. 1, Class No. 2, Class No. 3, &c., and which often contained the same numbers—he hurried back to the old Jew, and exclaimed, 'There is my ticket, 287!—(the identical number of the retainers)—I see it has drawn ten thousand dollars!—'Look at the clash! was the sneering reply. So when Mr. Wm. M. Rogers, or any body else, shall print approval of any doctrines of Mr. Webster's speech, the question will be, Which edition? (Reiterated applause. 'You are a fanatic!') Yes! I am a fanatic. In a day when Liberty is gagged that stocks may sell at par, when pulpits preach peace instead of purity, and statesmen laugh at any higher authority than the parchment of human laws, thank God, I am a fanatic, as such men judge fanaticism! (Applause.)

The edition, to be sure, does not matter much to our friend Moses Stuart. Enough for him, that the great man has said it; and he sets to work to trim, bend, serow, and forget, till morals, science, law and religion are made to conform to the *ipse dixit*. 'This only the old art of construing Genesis anew, as each successive hypothesis of geology gets uppermost. Now Moses is Volcanism, now Neptunism. I mean Moses the Jew; our Moses sits only Websterian for ever. This sagacious statesman, seeking to 'gild refined gold and paint the lily, has troubled himself to find out another argument against the Willnot Proviso, in addition to those of the great Daniel, and the 'will of God.' His chief point seems to be that it is of no use whatever to apply it to the territories, since the moment they become States, they will be entitled to set up slavery, if they choose!—Indeed! 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will surely depart therefrom.' Thus the text reads, does it not? Build up a Territory on the basis of Freedom, and when it becomes a State, it will probably introduce Slavery! Excellent logic!

After all, like the ass who tried to play the spaniel, our Northern men cannot play traitors to any advantage. They get the blame of the attempt, none of the advantage of success. Mr. Clay has loaded our Senator North and South. Whatever is gained from this game goes to him. All is grist to the mill-boy of the Slashes! When one sees the



fact, quickness and sagacity of the Kentuckian, and the slow, cumbersome, self-exposing movement of the Yankee, it brings to mind Fuller's picture of Ben Jonson and Shakespeare—many were the wit-combats between these; which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performance; Shakespeare, like an English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and inventing. If this last be not Henry Clay, who is it? (Cheers.)

Let us leave politics. Suppose I now anticipate Mr. Glendon, and unveil the mummy of Winter Street Church. (Laughter, and cheers for Christianity.) The Christianity which is at peace with the oppressed. Dr. Rogers is reported to have said that the disunionists would in the next world sit cheek by jowl with Judas. (Applause in the rear.) There is certainly one point of resemblance between Judas and the disunionists. We read that when Judas had taken the thirty pieces of silver, and saw his Lord was condemned,—last, mark you, if it is thought bad taste to introduce here an illustration from that book we all look upon as sacred, let it be remembered that the most blasphemous of our fanatics never touched that most tempting comparison in the case of the great Northern Traitor, but confined ourselves to Benedict Arnold; if it be lacking in taste, remember it was a clergyman who lent us the illustration; once introduced, in using it, I only follow in the footsteps of our illustrious predecessor: (incumbent)—now we read that when Judas had taken the thirty pieces of silver, and found that his Lord was condemned, he repented; mark you that! He repented, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver, saying, 'I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood.' When the abolitionist first awakes from his dream of historical education for those great men, who enacted their high parts in the political drama of our country; when the Constitution rises before him, 'betraying innocent blood,' then it is that he, like Judas, repents, confesses that he has sinned in that he has betrayed innocent blood, brings back the 'thirty pieces of silver'—his citizenship and ballot—and refuses all further allegiance, striving by every sacrifice to atone for the wrong he has unconsciously committed. Alas! the slave could point to some who have followed Judas thus far—to sell him for five words—'Glorious Union'—for personal ease—or office—for the ballot. Would they could turn over one other page of the story, and initiate that 'repentance,' disclaiming to be slave-launderers and slave-jailors for any silver, however weighty—any land, however broad—any peace however precious!

Mark, you! there was a great man once, who went down to Washington, and saw on the block of the slave the Power of the God cut in ebony for sale for 'thirty pieces of silver.' His post life—the land of his birth—the heart of the age, echoed the cry of the bondman, and bade him lift up his mighty voice in behalf of justice and humanity. But custom, base laws, old habits, bright hopes, first lulled him into silence, then woke him to treason. He bowed his vassal head; he counselled Massachusetts—his mother—to forget her 'prejudices' (Groans.) When he repents, he will be worthy to 'go up higher,' and stand by Judas.

You know the old story of Rip Van Winkle. When he had been asleep twenty years, he woke up one Sunday morning saw his grandson, and in the confusion of his first waking, said to those who stood around him, 'I am not myself, I am somebody else.—That's me, yonder.' So in that other state to which we are all tending, if Judas should wake up, having thrown away his thirty pieces of silver, he would say, 'I am not myself—that is myself, yonder—that great Statesman, who made a speech in March'—(Mirth and hisses.) Great noise and confusion. The officers remove two or three disorderly individuals from the hall.

Let me congratulate this triumphant assemblage on the progress of our cause. I maintain it is a triumphant assemblage. It shows an impulsive, enthusiastic people. I remember, that in this very hall I was told some twelve months since, by one of the most eloquent clergymen of Boston, that if ever he became an abolitionist, he would show us what an abolitionist was. He said, 'I was born a Virginian, and that hot blood boils in my veins. If I become an abolitionist, all that fiercest ardor will be tame in the comparison.' In this sense, I like you are thoroughly converted to the doctrines of the anti-slavery cause, you will make glorious abolitionists, every one of you, morally, six feet and four inches high. (Prolonged applause.)

From the National A. S. Standard.

Letter from Abby Kelley Foster.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, June 24, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Having forwarded a few subscribers for the Standard, I will say a few words, hastily, in relation to the commencement of my summer's work in the West.

I left home a week ago last Saturday, and my husband accompanied me as far as Northampton, Mass., where we had meetings appointed for Saturday evening and all day Sunday. Had I time, I would like to write a particular account of these meetings, as they have done more, perhaps, to break into the death-like bigotry and superstition of Northampton than any previously held there. All I have time to say, however, is that the Select-men excluded the meeting from the town hall, and therefore, it was held in front of the hall, under the shade of the portico and a fine tree immediately in front of the hall. There was a church on either side of the hall, and our large meeting was greatly augmented, at the close of these meetings, by their members. A Select-man had done more to help us than any thing that we could have done for ourselves. I never addressed a more attentive and respectful meeting in my life. But what gave it its chief value was its preaching to the multitude that passed and repassed. The anti-slavery agitation was never so intense in old Northampton, as since these meetings. I thank God that, when we have not power to break up the crust of the pro-slavery prejudice and bitterness, he has so framed his laws that his enemies will, in their blindness, do it for us.

My next call Westward was at Syracuse. Here the City Hall was well filled, and I had only to regret that my fatigue and the ex-

cessive heat of the evening rendered it impossible for me to speak to that purpose which the occasion demanded.

At the close of the meeting, our old friend, Gerrit Smith—who had been in through the evening—expressed to me his entire confidence in the American Anti-Slavery Society, and, moreover, said that it was in his opinion, doing more than any other for the abolition of slavery. He threw \$5 into the collection box, and said he should be happy to aid in the efforts to revolutionize Eastern New York; but as, at this time he was somewhat pressed for funds, and had been obliged to suspend, for the present, the payment of the \$50 donations to the poor women of New York, he pledged only \$25 to assist in sustaining C. C. Burleigh in the Eastern New York mission. I trust this is an earnest of his again uniting fully with the friends of that Society, and appropriating his munificent donations in a direction which will tell so heavily against slavery.

There were, at this time, \$69, in all paid in Syracuse to the American Society, and \$23 pledged to be paid before November next. This is specially for the renovation of Eastern New York.

I came direct from Syracuse to Cleveland, where I held meetings yesterday (Sunday), through the day and evening, in the Universalist church. The house was crowded with a very attentive audience, and the choir gave us fine singing from the Anti-Slavery Hymns. There appeared to be much interest awakened. The next day, we obtained eighteen new subscribers for the Bugle, ten for the Liberator, and those I send you \$12.25 cash, and pledged \$23.50, to be paid in September next, for the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

TWINSBURG, Summit Co., June 25.

I have not had time to finish this hasty letter until this morning. Every moment, out of meeting, is occupied in scattering light, raising funds or obtaining subscribers. We had a meeting in this place three times yesterday, in an abandoned Methodist meeting house, which is now owned and used for a store-house, by a man of the world. All the sectarian houses, even the Free-will Baptists, were closed against us, though the latter was built, in part, by Abolitionists for free discussion. But our meeting was well attended, some coming who had never before listened to the words of the slave.

The friends here have contributed \$15.50 and pledged \$2 to the Western Society.

I look forward with great interest to the great Conventions which are to commence in this State in August, and to sweep through the State as far as the Committee have funds to carry them. The politicians are now quiet, the prejudices and passions of the people are not aroused, and, therefore, in this the cool of the day let us approach the reason and conscience of the Nation and bring them into the service of God and humanity. I was sorrowful as I saw, in Cleveland, so great a field for Anti-Slavery, and then learned how little labor had been bestowed there.

Yours for renewed effort,

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

Letter from Simon Barnard.

Huntington, Ia., 6th mo. 4, 1850.

DEAR FRIEND:—I have just been reading some numbers of the Freeman, a copy of which I ordered to this place some two years since. Not having before seen a single number for the last four or five weeks, and not being aware that it was still coming here, I was exceedingly gratified to find that my direction had been so far mis-understood, as to induce you to continue a subscription which I had designed for you only. In considering the value of the gratification to myself as well as for the others, and the good of the cause, I request you to continue sending the Freeman to Huntington forever, or till slavery is abolished.

Although for a time separated from our anti-slavery friends, I trust we have not been unduly estranged, if, in consequence of our storing our minds with useful information and in forming acquaintance with men and things as they really exist in the great West. We have seen too, some of the workings of the "peculiar institution." Passing through Maryland, we more than once had the mortification of being waited on by slaves, and were very cordially and kindly entertained by their masters. So far from lessening our abhorrence of the evil, however, as appears to be the case with some, it had directly the contrary effect. As an instance of the effect of slavery upon men who under other circumstances, perhaps, would be, and who in other respects and conditions, really do appear to be kind, and benevolent, and honorable men, I will relate the following, which passed in my presence at one of the hotels.

A long table was spread in the dining room, several well-dressed and no doubt 'well fed' slaves were waiting upon it; the landlord, aside from his slaveholding appeared to be a gentleman, most of the stage passengers had eaten their supper; one had not money to pay for his; the landlord was hunting him up to give him his supper; he allowed no one to go from his house hungry. 'God only knows what any of us may come to.' A tall gentleman from the South responded heartily to the generous and humane sentiments of the landlord.

'That's the way I like to hear a man talk,' he said, and then, changing the subject, he inquired as if uncertain whether he was in Maryland or in old Pennsylvania, 'what State is this, sir?' 'Maryland sir,' was the reply.

'Are there any selling here?' 'No, sir, there are none selling just now.' I thought a very fine woman for my own use for 'three seconds' was the answer.

I envy not the man who could think better of slavery after such an exhibition as this. I was about to give an expression to some thoughts that followed the above development in relation to the magnitude, the length, breadth, and depth of the evil which we are endeavoring to eradicate, but I forbore—they will readily suggest themselves. How I would like to introduce the Freeman into a thousand families in every western ward, but that is out of the question. The Bugle is sent by friends unknown into the neighborhood, and very worthy people think it very wrong to take it from the post office. What an incalculable amount of prejudice and ignorance we have to encounter. The people are all opposed to slavery, yet an anti-slavery paper is a pernicious publication! The people do not understand the question, and I suppose we shall have to keep on trying to make them understand it. I met a man in a very lonely and retired spot on the banks of the Wabash the other day, who informed me he had been a Virginia slaveholder, had come up to the North, and was doing all he could for abolition. He first saluted me with the appellation of stranger, but on my informing him that I was an aboli-

tionist, he called me brother, and entered into a very lengthy conversation on the merits of the cause. He appeared quite sanguine of final success, though he said that his neighbors in the part of Indiana where he was located were as pro-slavery as any people that ever existed since God made the world.

Thy friend,

S. BARNARD.

## The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

I LOVE AGITATION WHEN THERE IS CAUSE FOR IT—THE ALARM BELL WHICH STARTLES THE INHABITANTS OF A CITY, SAVES THEM FROM BEING BURNED IN THEIR BEDS.—Burke.

Salem, Ohio, July 13, 1850.

### PRESIDENT TAYLOR DEAD.

A telegraphic dispatch from Hon. J. C. Able, M. C. from this District, to W. D. Morgan of New Lisbon, dated Washington, July 10th, says: "PRESIDENT TAYLOR IS DEAD! He expired last (Tuesday) night at eleven o'clock." Previous advices represented him to be extremely ill of Cholera Morbus, to which disease doubtless he has fallen a victim. Whether the 'Second Washington,' like the first, has provided by his will for the emancipation of his slaves, or whether they are the doomed victims of still further wrongs at the hands of new masters, remains to be seen. His fulsome eulogists probably will not trouble themselves about so small a matter as the freedom or slavery of 360 'niggers'!

MILLARD FILLMORE, the Vice President, will now succeed to the Presidential chair for the remainder of the term for which Gen. Taylor was elected. He is rather a Hunkerish sort of Whig, but a man of fair talents, and, for a politician, of elevated views and feelings. What effect this change in the Executive department of the government may have upon the great questions now before the country we cannot undertake to predict. Mr. Fillmore has of course taken no active part—at least no public part—in the agitations of the present Congress, but he is understood to be committed to Gen. Taylor's Plan of settling the Territorial Question in opposition to that of Mr. Clay. It is not unlikely that he will make a merit of following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, and seek thereby to appropriate that predecessor's chances of a reelection.

### The Fourth at Marlboro.

The Meeting at Marlboro on the Fourth was attended by an immense concourse of people, and the day and its scenes will long be remembered by many with the deepest interest. The audience gathered first in the fine new barn of our hearty anti-slavery friend Lewis Morgan, and having been called to order by Samuel Brooke, was organized by appointing OLIVER JOHNSON Chairman, and ANN ELIZA LEE, of Randolph, Secretary.

J. W. Walker, H. C. Wright, Mary L. Gilbert, William Steadman and Ann Clark were appointed as a Business Committee; and Samuel Brooke, James Barnaby, and Sarah Coates a Committee on Finance.

The meeting was then addressed by James W. Walker, with his usual energy and ability. He secured the fixed attention of all whose situation enabled them to hear him; but it was found that the barn could not accommodate more than half of the people who were present or pouring in rapidly from all quarters, and that, moreover, it was not adapted by its construction for such an assemblage; and therefore it was unanimously decided to adjourn to a grove a little way off. 'Many hands making light work,' the new place of meeting was soon fitted up, and the morning session was concluded by an able speech from Benjamin S. Jones, whose appearance upon the platform gave much satisfaction to his numerous friends, who had deeply regretted the necessity of his retirement from public anti-slavery labors during the past year.

On re-assembling in the afternoon, the meeting was addressed by ABBY KELLEY FOSTER in an eloquent and heart-stirring speech, which riveted the attention of the vast throng for upwards of two hours. Those who heard her when she was in the State before declared that they never knew her to speak with more power.

H. C. Wright followed in a brief but forcible speech, in which he answered very pertinently a variety of interrogatories, which were prompted by the presentation of his views of the popular religion and worship of this slaveholding country.

The Business Committee then presented the following resolutions, through their Chairman, J. W. Walker, and they were unanimously adopted:

1. Resolved, That we reaffirm the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, 'That all men are created equal,' and avow our determination never to rest until every human being in this broad land feels its practical application.

2. Resolved, That we look upon every organization that refuses to recognize this truth as a fundamental principle, as devoid of humanity, and unworthy the age in which it exists.

3. Resolved, That we unanimously declare ourselves hostile to all such organizations, whether Religious or Political, and will not fail to make that hostility felt by a manly, upright course.

4. Resolved, That the popular churches of this country, by virtue of their stolid indif-

ference or open hostility to the anti-slavery cause, deserve the reprobation of all true friends of humanity.

5. Resolved, That in the Union of these States, under the present Constitution, we recognize a powerful enemy to emancipation, that ought to be destroyed.

The following resolutions, offered by T. B. Wickersham, were also unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That while we most cordially welcome Abby Kelley Foster to Ohio, we deeply regret that circumstances should have rendered it necessary for her to make so great a sacrifice as that of leaving home and friends to do the work which we could and ought to have done.

Resolved, That we as individuals pledge our esteemed friend our earnest co-operation in the great work in which she is engaged; promising that, as no sacrifice has been too great for her to make, so none shall be for us which in our judgment will advance the cause of truth and freedom.

At 5 o'clock, P. M. the meeting closed in an orderly manner, no accident having occurred to mar the social and intellectual enjoyment of the day. Among the audience were multitudes who have hitherto stood aloof from the cause, and we cannot but hope that some of them were awakened to a sense of their moral obligations in reference to the gigantic crime of Slavery. May the good seed so plentifully sowed, watered by the dew of the Spirit and warmed to vigorous life by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, bring forth a thousand fold.

### Jane Elizabeth Jones and Her Lectures.

We stated recently that Mrs. Jones's Lectures upon Anatomy and Physiology, at Massillon were attended by a class of more than fifty ladies. We have now the pleasure of announcing that she has also given a course of six Lectures at Canton to a numerous class, several members of which have assured us that she gave the most entire satisfaction to all. In the last Canton Repository, we find the following resolutions adopted by the Class in Massillon.

MASSILLON, June 27th, 1850.

MR. EDITOR:—At the close of Mrs. Jones's Lectures on Anatomy and Physiology, the class, consisting of 60 Ladies, was organized, and unanimously adopted the following resolutions.

On motion of Mrs. Bowen, it was resolved to forward them to you for publication.

Resolved, That having attended Mrs. Jones's lectures on Anatomy and Physiology, we feel desirous of expressing, unitedly, our high appreciation of the valuable information they contain, and of the clear and forcible manner in which her instructions are communicated.

Resolved, That we believe her qualified by her scientific attainments, her intellectual and moral worth, her unassuming manners and dignified deportment, to be eminently useful in addressing our own Sex, on subjects involving the highest interests to ourselves and to the rising generation.

Resolved, That we cheerfully recommend her to the kind reception and generous patronage of the ladies resident in the towns that she proposes visiting the coming season.

ANN L. PEASE, Pres't.

H. M. BOWEN, Secretary.

It affords us the highest satisfaction to record such evidence of the success of a Woman in a sphere of labor for which she is so eminently fitted by her education and personal worth. After laboring for years in the Anti-Slavery cause, and taking their full share of the opprobrium arising from the misrepresentations of enemies and the narrow-mindedness and envy of professed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jones found themselves too poor long to continue their public exertions in that field; and while the one resorted to his trade as a means for earning the competence so desirable to all, the other felt constrained, at no small sacrifice of personal and maternal inclination, to qualify herself by months of hard study to labor in a sphere which promised such remuneration as would enable her to aid her husband in procuring a Home for their child or children.

In doing this she necessarily incurred considerable expense and could not but feel some anxiety for the result. We rejoice most heartily that her hopes and not her fears are being realized, and trust that her success in this new sphere may put to shame the envious stinginess which begrudged her and her devoted husband the compensation they received as Editors of The Bugle, and the ignorance or meanness which attributed their zeal in the anti-slavery cause to the operation of selfish and pecuniary considerations. If the burden of the slave's wrongs could have been cast off by them as easily as it has been by many of their traducers, they might have left The Bugle to their very years ago, and in other spheres of labor earned for themselves houses and lands, of which they are now destitute.

It is proper to say that we make these remarks without the knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who may perhaps be pained by such an allusion to their private affairs. We speak, however, not to vindicate them, but for the sake of the cause, and hope they will pardon us for doing so.

### Rally at Canfield.

A letter from John Brown, Jr., informs us that a majority of the Trustees of the Methodist Church in Canfield have consented to let their meeting-house be used for the anti-slavery gathering on next Sunday week, and the meeting will be held either in that house or the great Tent, as may be hereafter determined. There are many reasons which should operate to secure a large attendance at Canfield, and we would earnestly invite the friends of the cause in this vicinity to be present.

### Go to Cool Spring.

We hope to see a very large meeting at Cool Spring to-morrow. Let all who can go be there without fail. We do not know whether the gathering will be in a grove or in the meeting-house, but presume the friends in that neighborhood will make all necessary arrangements.

### Sons of Temperance and Colorphobia.

In The Bugle of Jan. 5th we published the following communication:

GENEVA, Dec. 23, 1849.

FRIEND JOHNSON: In The A. S. Bugle, Oct. 27, the following Editorial appeared: "Sons of Temperance.—This body, though claiming to be founded on the principle of fraternity, is governed by the spirit of caste in its most odious form. No colored man is admitted as a member, the Grand Division having made a rule to that effect some time ago. Rev. S. R. Ward, an educated man of unimpeachable character, was admitted to membership, contrary to the rule, by a local body. The act was reported to the Grand Division, and the District Deputy who admitted Mr. Ward was expelled. Finally, to get rid of the black man, the body threw up its charter and organized anew." &c.

This was read before the "Sons" of Geneva Division, No. 633, last week, and pronounced to be untrue, by the leading "Sons," that "No colored man is admitted as a member, the Grand Division having made a rule to that effect." It is not true that the "Rev. S. R. Ward, an educated colored man of unimpeachable character was admitted to membership, contrary to the rule, by a local body." It is not true, "The act was reported to the Grand Division, and the District Deputy who admitted Mr. Ward was expelled." "Finally, to get rid of the black man the body threw up its charter and organized anew." It was also reported that Divisions composed of colored men, have Charters granted them by the Grand Division, and are on equal footing with the white "Sons." Thus you see, Mr. Editor, you are placed in no enviable position for "Love, Purity, and Fidelity." In reply it was said, without doubt Mr. Johnson has proof on hand to sustain the charges. By laying the facts before the public, you will oblige a lover of truth.

JOS. HARDING.

To this communication we appended the following remarks:

"We publish the above very cheerfully. In the paragraph referred to we stated what we had good reasons to believe true, but we did not speak from our own knowledge, and may have been mistaken in regard to the circumstances of Mr. Ward's connection with his separation from the 'Sons of Temperance.'—On that subject, however, we shall say nothing now, but wait for Mr. Ward's story. Will he oblige us by either stating the facts in his own paper, or sending them directly to us? If we have done the 'Sons' any injustice, we desire to make amends."

"In regard to the main charge which we preferred against the institution, viz: that it is governed by the spirit of caste, it is not denied but confirmed by Mr. Harding. He says that charters are granted to divisions 'composed of colored men.' In other words, colored men are not permitted to become members of the same Divisions with white men, but are treated as a distinct and separate caste. This proves what we said, viz: that 'the Sons of Temperance, so far as colorphobia is concerned, are not a whit better than the popular Churches.' It is of comparatively little importance whether we were right or wrong in our own statement respecting Mr. Ward's case, since the main accusation is acknowledged to be true."

Here we thought the matter might well rest, as one too plain for further controversy. Our correspondent, however, did not think so, and subsequently addressed to us the following communication:

FRIEND JOHNSON: I have looked with much anxiety into The Bugle for some weeks past, in hope of learning the facts relative to the expulsion of the colored minister Mr. Ward, and the other charges you brought against the Sons of Temperance; but up to this time, I have looked in vain. Why is this, Mr. Editor? In your remarks of Jan. 6th you say: "In regard to the main charge which we preferred against the institution, viz: that it is governed by the spirit of caste, it is not denied but confirmed by Mr. Harding. He says that charters are granted to divisions 'composed of colored men.' In other words, colored men are not permitted to become members of the same Division with white men, but are treated as a distinct and separate caste. This proves what we said, viz: that 'the Sons of Temperance, so far as colorphobia is concerned, are not a whit better than the popular Churches.'—This, my dear Sir, is rather a jumping conclusion, and is called by the back-woodsmen, 'running round the stump'; but by the more refined 'begging the question.' You have put a hasty, if not a false construction, on the words in my communication of Dec. 23d, that 'charters are granted to divisions composed of colored men.' It is no marvel that they should desire to have a division by themselves, as are 'birds of a feather should flock together.' But this does not prove that 'colored men are not permitted to become members with white men but are treated as a distinct and separate caste.' I must confess, Sir, that this mode of reasoning, to my mind is any thing but conclusive.—You have brought heavy and serious charges against the "Sons," and when called upon for facts, nothing but hearsay and conjecture has been the reply. It is not merely curiosity that led me to desire the truth in this matter, for if the colored man is not allowed equal rights with the white 'Sons,' it is no place for me.

Yours for the whole truth,

J. HARDING.

We have delayed the publication of the above in the hope of hearing directly from Mr. Ward, but his frequent absence from his post leaves us at no loss to account for his silence. Perhaps the marked paper we sent him never came under his eye. The *Impartial Citizen*, however, which Mr. Ward edits, has brought us the facts we need, and which we shall now give. It will appear that he was first admitted and afterwards expelled. The process we give in his own words, as follows:

Our Division sent out a committee to inquire whether it were contrary to rule to admit black members. The committee reported that a resolution against the admission of blacks had been passed by the Grand Division. Upon

this, he dissolved, and threw up our charter, for we were most of us believers in the Bible. Note particularly a few facts:

1. Mr. Deputy Lund advised my expulsion.

2. Special Deputy Cady advised it in behalf of the Grand Division.

3. The District Deputy who initiated me was censured and removed for initiating me.

4. The Grand Division approved of and endorsed this removal of the District Deputy.

Capt. Cady paid the highest compliments to my character, and reported distinctly to the Grand Division that my complexion was the sole objection against me, in reporting to the Grand Division against the District Deputy, he uses the following words, "having actually initiated a colored man."

The Grand Division, I repeat, endorsed the whole of this report, as you will see in their proceedings.

Mr. Ward also says:

The Grand Division will not allow black men charters to form subordinate Divisions under them. That was tried in New York, and they refused. The black Divisions are all independent of the G. D.; having received their charters from the Caledonia Division of Scotchmen.

J. W. Logan, who proposed as a member, in one of the Divisions, in this city (Syracuse). The committee reported favorably, but there were black balls enough to keep him out. A committee wrote to the Grand Division to know whether a black man could be admitted. The reply was that, inasmuch as the Grand Division do not grant black men charters to form Divisions, black men ought not to be admitted to local Divisions.

"Finally, to get rid of the black man, the body threw up its charter and organized anew." &c.

Brothers, Lund, Cady, &c., have officially advised the expulsion of a black man, just because he is black. Capt. Cady, you will see in Proceedings of Grand Division, 1847, officially censured O. H. Salisbury, for initiating a black man into a Division. And what is more, the Grand Division sustained Cady's action. This occurred in 1847.—J. W. Logan was rejected by one of the Syracuse Divisions, and the Grand Division sent the lastest charter, as related to, to him.

A leading member of the Order, when asked a few days ago by a gentleman, "Do you receive colored men into your Order?" replied, "No; we have nothing to do with the niggers."

John Thomas, Editor of the Liberty Party Paper, was the presiding officer of the Division at the time of Mr. Ward's expulsion. His testimony is as follows:

They will not receive a colored man into lodges that are composed of white men, at all. We are informed so by Mr. Cady, one of the principal officers of the Order.

We should say, however, that we are informed by Mr. Cady, that the terms of the Constitution of the Society did not exclude colored men, but that they were excluded in adaptation to southern feelings, and prejudices and customs of the country. He told us, that to admit them into the Society, would displease the Society, for that their brethren at the South would not endure it.

Our conversation with Mr. Cady was in regard to the exclusion of Rev. S. R. Ward from the Society of the Sons of Temperance in Cortland Village. We were told that unless the Society excluded him, the charter would be annulled, and because the Society was driven to that crisis, it voluntarily dissolved, preferring dissolution to the perpetration of such an outrage.

So much for the facts out of which grew our controversy with Mr. Harding. Which of us is comered, let the public decide.—The following article, from the Salem (Mass.) Freeman will show that the National Division of the Sons is also defiled by Colorphobia.

Doubtless many of our readers as well as ourselves learned with surprise and regret by a statement in our last paper that the National Division of the Sons of Temperance had voted, 74 yeas to 6 nays, that the admission of colored persons into the order was "improper and illegal."

In the New Englander, an organ of the Sons of Temperance, edited by Wm. A. White and Chas. W. Slack, we find an account of the steps by which this result was reached.

The matter was brought before the division by a committee on appeals, composed of Charles Eginton, of Ky., Wm. S. Seales, of N. J., John B. Smith, of Wis., Marcus T. Carpenter, of Miss., and Thomas E. Powers, of Va., who reported that the Grand Division of Ohio desired to have a settlement by the National Division of the question of the propriety of admitting colored people to the Order, and concluding a brief argument in favor of excluding them by recommending that "the admission of negroes into Subordinate or Grand Divisions under this jurisdiction, be declared improper and illegal."

This report was no sooner read than a dozen voices moved and seconded its adoption. Immediately Jane Linton, of Tenn., moved the previous question, which was summarily sustained, (thus cutting off all debate or explanation), and the yeas and nays upon the adoption were ordered, with the result of 74 yeas to 6 nays. The vote of the minority was entirely from New England and the Province of Canada West.

Upon the announcement of the vote, Mr. White, of Mass., rose and said, that as the professed object of the Order of the Sons of Temperance was to promote "the cause of all mankind," and as, by the adoption of the report just before them, an attempt was made to exclude a large portion of said mankind from its blessings, and as all opportunity for a free discussion of the matter has been virtually denied him, he did not deem he would be doing justice to his own sentiments or serving his constituents by a longer continuance in the deliberations of the body; and he therefore respectfully resigned his seat in the National Division and withdrew from the Hall. By the acknowledgment of Mr. Linton himself, the applicator of the 'previous question' rule, we learn positively that the plan to force the report through the Division, as described, was duly arranged and decided upon, previous to its delivery. So much for the dignity of the transaction!

On the following day, after some unavailing opposition, the following document was read, and entered upon the journal of the session:

BOSTON, June 14, 1850.

TO THE N. D., OF S. T., OF N. A.:

Whereas, at the session of this body, on Thursday, the 13th day of the present month, a report from the Committee on Appeals (No. 1) concluding with the words, "the admission of negroes into Subordinate or Grand Divisions declared improper and illegal," was summarily adopted without explanation or debate; and whereas, it is provided by the 2d Section of Article 5th of the Constitution of Subordinate,

that the only dis-

into this Order

character, or un-

or want of ac-



that the only disqualification for membership into this Order is by reason of immorality of character, or incapacity of earning a livelihood, or want of means of support; and, whereas, there are already in membership with this Order colored brethren of high moral character and general excellence, the foregoing report an un-der the adoption of the Order by calling to the attention of the members of the Order, in question the suitability of candidates; and, whereas, power has been exercised by this ac-tion, which properly should be invested in Sub-ordinate, we therefore

## PROTEST

against said action as a departure from the estab-lished constitutional basis of the Order, and as tending to disturb the otherwise peaceful growth of its principles.

Respectfully presented by  
CHAS. W. SLACK, of Mass.,  
Wm. R. SEAG, " "  
DANIEL BAXTER, " "  
EDWIN P. HILL, of N. H.,  
JOSUA NIX, Jr., of Canada West,  
EDWARD STACY, of Maine.  
With approval of Bro. W. A. WHITE, of Mass., who does not, at present, consider him-self a member of the National Division.

The immediate occasion of this action was the case of Mr. Day, a colored man of this State (Medina County, we believe), which came before the National Division by ap-pel. The Boston Republican says:

"This result has been brought about by the dictation of slaveholders. Some of these gentry holding 40 slaves were present, and showed their hostility to the colored men by getting angry, because a company of colored boys walked in the procession. Some of the members, we blush to say, are members of the Free Soil party. Their conduct has disgraced and dishonored the party, and we trust they will leave it at once, or that they will be kicked out of it. One of these members, Mr. Nathaniel Wilson, of Ohio, Me., was a Free Soil candidate for the Senate of that State last year. He has been false and recreant to principle. Such Free Soilers are more hollow-hearted pre-tense. Out upon it!"

Rev. Andrew L. Stone, of Park street Church, (Boston) voted to violate the charter, by declaring that it is "illegal" to admit negroes into the Order. We are surprised at this act. This gentleman has uttered bold words in favor of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." He was called upon to act, and he shows that it is easier for some men to preach than to act up to their professions.—It is easier to utter brave words than to act brave deeds.

## The Women of Ohio should Speak for Them-selves.

July 2nd, 1850.  
ESTHER FRIEND OLIVER: I was much pleased on reading in The Bugle of the 23d ult., the remarks of Lucy Stone in relation to the appointment of Lucretia Mott and herself made by the Women of Ohio to attend the State Convention held at Columbus. That the women of Ohio have not condescended enough to ask for demand rights, by which themselves and the men of Ohio are to be benefited, appears strange; but stranger still is it that they should ask the assistance of those whose distance from the scene of action would no doubt render it incon-venient for them to attend, and whose interests, though remotely, are not immediately affected by the change proposed, whilst the Women of Ohio, almost in the vicinity, with full hopes of benefit accruing to themselves, remain idly at home. That each individual should operate for himself or herself only, is decidedly selfish; but to ask others to do that for us which we could evidently do for ourselves is none the less so. From a personal knowledge of one of those individuals and the reputation of the other, I am enabled to better qualified to fill the appoint-ment; but do we not ask too much of those who are willing to labor and who do labor for those who cannot plead for themselves, when we ask them to spend and be spent for our benefit?

If we Ohioans cannot speak and act for our-selves in order to obtain our rights, of what avail to us will be the granting of that gracious boon which Lucretia Mott and Lucy Stone were solicited to come to Ohio and claim for us? Will we be any the more ready to speak and act when that is achieved than we were to ask for its achievement? I fear not.

Truly yours, W.

## Remarks.

Our correspondent does not seem to be aware that the invitation to Lucretia Mott and Lucy Stone to appear before the Con-stitutional Convention was sent only be-cause there was no prospect of procuring the services of any Woman living in Ohio. The subject was seriously considered at the Convention, and several qualified persons were urged to go to Columbus, but they all with one consent 'made excuse.' After the Convention had adjourned, a large number of ladies, of Salem, Akron, Marlboro and other places, feeling the importance of hav-ing the cause represented at Columbus, and utterly despairing of obtaining the services of any of the Women of Ohio, took upon themselves the responsibility of inviting the attendance of Lucretia Mott and Lucy Stone, pledging themselves to pay the expenses of their journey hither. For doing this they have been subjected in some quarters to cen-sure, as if they had passed by the Women of the State, and from choice, sent abroad for advocates. Nothing, however, could be more unjust. They would all have preferred to be represented before the Constitu-tional Convention by Women of their own State, but the alternative of no representa-tion or sending abroad for help was before them, and they acted, as we thought and still think, wisely, in asking those tried and eloquent advocates of the cause, Lucretia Mott and Lucy Stone, to come and represent them.

It is easy to say that the Women of Ohio ought to speak for themselves, that they

ought to be ashamed to send abroad for help, &c., &c.; but this sort of talk does not seem likely to send any body to Columbus, and we see no prospect of the cause being represented before the Convention at all.—We wish those who think it so easy a mat-ter to find qualified representatives and to induce them to attend the Convention, would just set about the work at once, instead of wasting their time in criticizing the efforts of others who have tried and failed. Come, friends! there is no time to be lost. If you know of one Woman of Ohio who is qual-ified and willing to go to Columbus, speak up at once, that others may know where to find her and give her their blessing and their God-speed.

## The Summer Campaign.

Abolitionists and all others who are interested are hereby notified that Anti-Slavery Meetings are appointed to be held as follows:

NEW LISBON, Saturday Evening, July 13th. Abby K. Foster will speak.

COOL SPRING, Sunday, July 14th. Abby K. Foster will attend, and probably other speakers.

LOWELLVILLE, Wednesday July 17th, at such hour as friends there may appoint. Abby K. Foster will attend.

YOUNGSTOWN, Friday, July 18th, at 10 A. M. and continue in the afternoon. Abby K. Fos-ter, and perhaps other speakers will attend.

CANFIELD, Sunday, July 21st., all day, in tent or such other place as friends may appoint. Abby K. Foster and others will speak.

BEELIN, Tuesday, July 23d., commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M. at such place as friends in that place may appoint. Abby K. Foster will be present.

ROOSTOWN, Friday, July 26th, Quarterly Meeting of the Portage Anti-Slavery Society. Abby K. Foster, Samuel Brooke and others will be present.

LEESVILLE, Carroll Co., Sunday, July 28th. A. K. Foster and Samuel Brooke will speak.

CADIZ, Harrison Co., Tuesday, July 30th, commencing at 2 P. M. Abby K. Foster and Samuel Brooke will speak.

GEORGETOWN, Harrison Co., Thursday, August 1st, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. A. K. Foster and Samuel Brooke will be present. Appointments for the following Saturday and Sunday will be announced at the George-town meeting.

SALEM, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 6th and 7th, (in the Tent, Town Hall or Grove), commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. A. K. Foster, Parker Pillsbury, J. W. Walker, and others will be present.

RANDOLPH, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 10th and 11th, Annual Meeting of the Portage Socie-ty. Parker Pillsbury Abby K. Foster, J. W. Walker, Samuel Brooke, and others will attend.

AKRON, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 13th and 14th, Mass Convention. Parker Pills-bury, J. W. Walker, Samuel Brooke, and per-haps A. K. Foster, will attend.

LITCHFIELD, Medina County, Friday, Satur-day and Sunday, Aug. 16th, 17th and 18th, Annual Meeting of the Rocky River A. S. So-ciety, in the Great Tent. Parker Pillsbury, A. K. Foster, Samuel Brooke, H. C. Wright, J. W. Walker, Truman Case, and, perhaps, Marius Robinson and Oliver Johnson, will attend.—[Meetings for H. C. Wright, P. Pillsbury, A. K. Foster and J. W. Walker, at various places, during the week following the Rocky River An-niversary, will be announced at Litchfield.]

TOWNS LIXE of Hinckley and Granger, Medi-na Co., Mass Convention, on Saturday and Sun-day, 24th and 25th of August. P. Pillsbury, A. K. Foster, J. W. Walker, S. Brooke, and probably H. C. Wright, will attend. [An-nouncement will be made at the above meeting of appointments for Berea and the Walling and Morgan neighborhood.]

BAINBRIDGE, Geauga Co., Friday and Satur-day, Aug. 30th and 31st, Mass Convention, commencing on Friday at 2 o'clock, P. M. It is proposed at this meeting to form a District A. S. Society. A. K. Foster, P. Pillsbury, J. W. Walker, S. Brooke, H. C. Wright and others will attend.

MESOPOTAMIA, (probably,) Saturday and Sun-day, Sept. 7th and 8th, Annual Meeting of the Grand River A. S. Society. A. K. Foster, P. Pillsbury, S. Brooke, J. W. Walker and others will attend.

It is expected that the above meetings will be followed, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thurs-day, Sept. 10th, 11th and 12th, by the Anniver-sary of the Western A. S. Society at New Lyme.

N. B. Friends at Litchfield will obtain the Tent at Randolph, friends at Bainbridge will send for it to Litchfield, and friends at Mesopo-tamia will obtain it at Bainbridge. It will re-quire a stout three-horse team, or two two-horse teams to transport it.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—The number for July opens with No. 7 of the Portraits of the Presidents, (Gen. Jackson), and contains beside a great variety of matter on Phre-nology and subjects adjacent thereto. This publication is worthy of the extensive cir-culation it has acquired, and is exerting a wide and healthful influence in moulding the minds and shaping the opinions of the nineteenth century. New York: Fowlers & Wells.

WATER CURE JOURNAL.—This publica-tion is conducted with excellent judgement and tact, and is doing a great work for the Water-Cure. Its pages are as pure and in-teresting as the elements whose healing virtues it so successfully illustrates. The July number is not a whit inferior to its predecessors.—Terms, \$1 per annum. New York: Fowlers & Wells.

## Another Letter from Tenne ssee.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., June 23d, 1850.

FRIEND JOHNSON: It is Sunday, and the bells are sending forth their clamorous calls to the 'righteous' to come to worship, in obedience to which a crowd of well dressed people, on foot and in carriages, are wending their way to their respective sanctuaries. Nashville is decidedly a church-going place, and the people are remark-able for their strict attendance to the outward forms of religious devotion, there being a law in force strictly prohibiting the sale of li-quors or the keeping open of grog-shops or groceries on the Sabbath; and the City should be called the City of Churches, as there is one on almost every corner, and the most conspic-uous building in the place being a church, the towers of which, stretching far towards Heav-en, seem to admonish its builders to think of Babel and beware. These Churches keep preach-ers with fat salaries, too, and these preachers keep fat slaves to do their bidding—to go when they say go, and come when they say come.—The Pastor of the first Methodist church in the place—a noted preacher, who has made his for-tune by his holy calling—keeps several of his brother men as his lawful property, and his flock are not backward in following the exam-ple set them by their venerable and golly Pas-tor.

The great Southern Convention held its grave deliberations in a Methodist Church, and was each morning opened by a solemn invocation of the help of Holy Heaven, in their pious seek-ing after a plan to perpetuate their 'God-or-dained' institution. Yes, its deliberations were held in a 'house of God,' and while its great plans were being concocted men endowed with God-given rights like themselves, were being sold on the auction-block almost within the hearing of their voices. On the 9th of June, I left the Convention room and wended my way to the Market House, where according to an advertisement posted up at the door of the Court House, there was to be sold for cash to the highest bidder: one negro man (not brute) 'Green,' also one negro man 'Jerry,'—one work mule, one old wagon and harness &c.,—Sale to commence at 11 1/2 o'clock. And they were sold, bid off at auction along with mules, old wagons and harness,—MEN sold at auction—to one of whom at least in natural endowments, I felt myself inferior. Sold, too, almost within sight of the 'house of God,' in which were as-ssembled a couple of hundred of the wise men of the South, seeking in their wisdom some means to defeat the plans of northern fanatics to put a stop to such accursed spectacles.

My feelings have been shocked and my in-dignation roused to the highest pitch, by wit-nessing four such degrading and humiliating exhibitions during my brief stay in this City, and I might behold them weekly, by going to the Market House, but I have no wish to see more. I have seen enough to strengthen ten-fold my vow of eternal hostility to such a system—a system of which its supporters, according to their own assertions, would gladly be relieved; for nearly all with whom I have conversed on this subject, tell me that they would gladly be freed from the institution of Slavery, if they could at the same time be rid of the slaves; but as to setting them loose like a pack of wolves right among themselves, they can't think of such a thing! Well, I ask them; if you would be so very glad to get clear of your Slaves, why do you take so much trouble, make yourselves so much expense, and offer such great rewards for the return of one when he makes an attempt to relieve you of his presence and support?—To such a question I cannot get a satisfactory answer. Although probably their pursuit of a fugitive is only to chase him off effectually, so as to preclude all possibility of his returning to trouble them, and the 'moderate correction' which is generally administered in case of his recapture, is only to convince him of the neces-sity of using his heels more nimbly and to bet-ter advantage in case he should feel disposed to repeat the experiment. 'They don't want to be free,' is often the story; 'they know their own interest too well.' This was very strongly as-serted by the overseer of the quarry where the stones are cut for the new State House, now building in this city, and where about 75 ne-groes and 50 Penitentiary convicts are employ-ed. The negroes, said he, are the happiest set in the world! Just come out here when the bell rings for dinner, after which they have one hour to themselves; you will see as merry a gang as ever lived. I asked him carelessly if the convicts were not rather a sober set of men? No, said he, as merry as crickets. I inquired if he believed these convicts were happier than if at liberty? To which he very promptly an-swered No. Then the fellow stared at me through his spectacles for nearly a minute, when I told him I could not see much differ-ence in the condition of the two, and if there was any difference, I considered that the pris-oners had the advantage, as most of them had only a short term of years to serve, then they were free; whereas a slave was a slave for life, with no prospect, even the most distant, of freedom. A long argument on his part was the result, to prove the difference, which he prob-ably considered me a very dull individual for not seeing as clearly as he did, although he had glasses on and I had not; and with the naked eye it was impossible for me to perceive it, which I attribute to my inability to see through a solid mill-stone, to which inability I candidly pleaded guilty, it being a feat I was never able to accomplish, and I begin to despair of ever being able to do so.

There are many phases of human character which, with the limited power of vision before spoken of, I cannot understand. One of these phases has just been exhibited to my observa-tion. A woman is offered for sale in this city, who is so far removed from the original Afri-can, that the closest scrutiny is required to de-tect any traces of it in her features or complex-ion. This woman has a child by a white father—a beautiful little girl of 2-1/2 years of age,

as white and fair as a lily, which whiteness is the only barrier to its sale, as by law the child follows the condition of its mother. Well, the owner wishes to sell the mother, but the child being white, is an incumbrance, and detracts from the value of its mother; although the owner—generous man—offers the child as a gracious gift, to any one who will take it, or he will sell it very cheap and give a bill of sale, although there are some shrewd ones giving sly guesses as to who its father is. Sell a white child! is the exclamation on every side, and even Slaveholders are horror struck at the bare idea of such a deed. They could stand by un-moved to witness the sale of a hundred black or yellow ones, but sell a white one! they are taken all aback and their philanthropy boils over. My employer is one of these, and is al-most persuaded to take the poor thing himself and keep it for a servant till of age, then let it go, and he almost doubts my sanity when I tell him it is no worse to sell a white child than a black one.

I have heard a whisper of a riot at the N. Y. Anniversary, but no particulars. Our city pa-pers are as barren of news, with the exception of a little city gossip and statistics of the ravages of the Cholera, which is doing its work among us, as a Methodist pamphlet and about as interesting. I must close my long epistle for you are already weary. Yours, D.

LIVING AGE.—No. 321 opens with the New York Albion's Review of Charles As-tor Bristed's Letter to Horace Mann, which in our humble judgment occupies space that might have been far better filled; but there is still so much else in the number that suits our taste, that we are by no means inclined to grumble. Two chapters of the charming story of 'Lettice Arnold' are a part of the tempting variety which the Editor has set before us.

SOME of our readers may perhaps need to be informed that the graphic and beautiful lines on the Fourth Page, signed 'J. G. W.' are the production of JOHN G. WHITTIER. His trumpet-tones were never more clear—never more welcome—than in this timely rebuke of iniquity in high places.

## News of the Week.

## Domestic Intelligence.

From the Boston Traveller.

## Confession of Professor Webster.

At the meeting of the Council this morning the case of Prof. Webster was referred to a Committee. Before this Committee, at 12 o'clock, appeared the Rev. Dr. Putnam, the spiritual adviser of the condemned, with a petition for a commutation of punishment, togeth-er with a confession that he killed Dr. Parkman. The Reverend gentleman prefaced the statement by a few remarks relative to the manner in which the confession was made to him. He stated that he had no previous acquaintance with Prof. Webster, before being called to act in the capacity of spiritual adviser. In the first few weeks of his visit he sought to acknowl-edge the prisoner. At length on the 23d of May he visited him in his cell, and de-manded of him for his own well being that he should tell the truth in regard to the matter, and he heeded to the request, by making a state-ment which was now submitted for the consid-eration of the Council.

It was in substance as follows: On Tuesday, Nov. 20th, Prof. Webster sent a note to Dr. Parkman. It was handed to Lit-tlefield and was unsealed. It was to ask Dr. Parkman to call on me, as he had become quite importunate about his debt. I wished to gain time. I did not expect to be able to pay him on Friday. I expected to state to him my inability to do so, and to apologize for what had occurred, and make some promises for the future. I heard on Thursday that he was in pursuit of me, and feared that he had not got my letter. I there-fore called at his house and asked for an inter-view. Dr. Parkman agreed to meet me at the lecture hall on Friday evening. At the time appointed he came to the College. He came in at the lecture room door, and followed me into the Laboratory.

He asked with great energy, Have you got the money? I said No, doctor, and began to apologize. He would not hear me, and began to load me with opprobrious epithets, notwith-standing all I could say. Afterwards he drew the notes and an old letter from his pocket, and referring to the letter, said, In this letter I re-com-mended you for your present situation, and now I will have you turned out.

Dr. Parkman, continued gesticulating in the most violent manner, and finally thrust his fist in my face. This caused my passions to rise, and in a moment of uncontrollable anger I seized whatever implement was near, which hap-pened to be a stick of wood, and struck him a blow on the side of the head. There was no second blow. He fell upon the pavement of the room insensible. Blood flowed from his mouth, but there was no sign of life. I stood over his body ten minutes, and then found that he was dead. My first impulse was to run and bolt the doors, to consider what was to be done. The Professor then states that he first burnt the clothes and papers, with the exception of those found upon him. The watch he after-wards threw over Cambridge bridge. He then took the body to the sink, and dismembered it. He used for that purpose the knife found in the tea chest; the Turkish knife was not used for that purpose. The head and some other parts of the body were placed in the furnace that day, and fuel heaped upon them. The stick with which the fatal blow was inflicted he then pick-ed up, and found it to be a piece of grape vine some two inches in diameter, and two feet long. It was brought in from Cambridge some time previously, for the purpose of trying experi-ments relative to drying wood. Upon the notes, he made the marks found upon them with metallic pen, and put them in his pocket. He says that he never saw the sledge hammer spoken of by Littlefield. That night he left the College at 6 o'clock, after having disposed of the body in various places.

On Saturday, he visited the College, but made no change in the position of the remains. He had seen an account of the disappearance of Dr. Parkman on Saturday evening, and then reflected as to what should be his course. He con-cluded on Sunday to come into Boston and make the statements which he did relative to the visit of Dr. Parkman to his rooms. On Sunday he visited his rooms. After the visit of the officers, he put part of the body in the privy and part in the tea chest. The tin box was designed to receive the tho-rough fish hooks to be used in grappling up the remains, but he did not use them. He was

not aware that he put the knife in the tea chest. The brush pen found in the room was used in making diagrams. The bunch of keys found in his room, were found by him in the street. The nitric acid found on the stairs was dropped there by accident.

When the officers came to arrest him, he was in doubt as to their object, whether it was, as alleged, to again search the College, which was equally dreadful with fears of the facts having already been discovered. When they reached the jail, his fears of being detected were con-firmed, and leaving the carriage he took a large dose of strychnia, sufficient to have caus-ed death, had it not been for the excited state of his mind. To this he attributed his after strange appearance.

He states that he wrote but one of the anony-mous letters from East Cambridge. The letter from jail, he again asserts, contained only a caution against a bottle of nitric acid. After he had made the statement, Dr. Putnam adju-diced him to state, as for a man at the point of death, whether, previously to the occurrence, the thought had not occurred to him that Dr. Parkman's death would benefit him. He re-plied in an impressive manner,—No, as I live I never dreamt of any such thing. My passions have been my besetting sin. I never had thought of injuring Dr. Parkman.

This is the substance of Dr. Webster's state-ment. There were some additional documents relative to the minor matters. The Rev. Dr. Putnam then followed in an argument to the Council on the truthfulness of the statement, and in favor of granting a commutation of pun-ishment, in which he stated his firm belief that Prof. Webster had told the truth in the matter. He further stated that if the Committee could come to a favorable decision, the sooner that it was announced the better—but if the decision should be unfavorable, he wishes for further time to allow of petitions in his favor.

VALLEY OF THE SALT LAKE.—Capt. Stansbury, who is engaged in a scientific exploration of the Great Salt Lake Valley, after being completely isolated for a period of six months by snows of the surrounding mountains, wrote under date of Feb. 26th, "The mountains are white with snow, and in many of the canons it is upwards of fifty feet deep, reaching to the tops of the tallest trees." And on the 16th of March, he says: "The mountain passes are fuller of snow than ever." The plains in the vicinity of the lake are bare of vegetation, and in crossing one of them the party came upon a *field of solid salt*, which lay encrusted upon the level mud plain, so thick that it bore up the mules loaded with their packs so perfectly that they walked upon it as if it had been a sheet of solid ice, slightly covered with snow. The whole plain was as level as a floor. They estimated this field to be at the least ten miles in length, by seven in width, and the thickness of the salt at from one-half to three-quarters of an inch. The salt in the solid field was perfectly crystallized, and where it had not become mixed with the soil was as white and fine as the best specimens of Salina table salt. Some of it was collected and preserved.

THE OVERLAND EMIGRANTS.—A gentleman who arrived in Town on Tuesday, from Fort Laramie, estimates the number of wagons that passed over that route to California, at 15,000; pack animals at 3,000; footmen 500; wheelbar-row men 3—a Scotchman, a German and an Irishman. The health of the emigrants was good. He counted but six graves by the way-side, while coming in, and of their occupants four had been killed accidentally. If this esti-mate of wagons is correct, the number of emi-grants he met can scarcely fall short of 50,000. There are probably now on the plains, en route for California, between 70,000 and 80,000 per-sons.—St. Louis Union.

GAMBLING.—Who is there among the staid inhabitants of this City that can realize the ex-traordinary fact that we are surrounded by a number of more than 6,000 gambling houses?—The statistics of this vice, recently collected, show that this is the fact—a fact known and suffered by our Police. Six thousand houses de-voted to such an object must require a vast po-pulation, as well as a vast fund of money, for their support; from whom does it come, and where does it go? We learn that incipient steps are taking to form an association which shall have this subject especially in view.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE PUBLIC LANDS.—If the public lands are to be given away to everybody who has ever been concerned in any of the wars of the coun-try, we shall be in favor of extending the lib-erty to those who staid at home and paid the taxes. If this legislation is to prevail, it is plain that no further revenue can be derived from the public lands; and as we cannot see why a man who has been engaged in war is any better enti-tled to a gratuity of this kind than a man who has been engaged in peaceful occupations, we think it best to put them all upon a level, and to give the land in suitable quantities to all who will settle upon it.—Providence Journal.

STRAWBERRIES.—During four days of last week 17,000 boxes of Strawberries—making an aggregate weight of twenty-one and a half tons—arrived in this City by the Erie Railroad. They were mostly grown in Rockland Coun-ty. Taking 4 cents a basket as the average price, their value amounts to \$6,800. Taking into the calculation the Strawberries received from other sources, our City probably spends about \$8,000 per day for this fruit—and prob-ably about \$40,000 during the Strawberry sea-son.—N. Y. Tribune.

GOLD has been found in different places for a distance of seventy miles, commencing at a point 200 miles above Fort Gibson (Ark.) in the bed of the Arkansas river.

ASSAULT WITH INTENT TO KILL.—A most atrocious case of this character has been under examination at Kingsville the present week. The facts as we learn them are briefly these. A Mr. Rollin Harmon residing in that Township, and heretofore re-garded as a reputable citizen, for some cause which yet remains a mystery, on Thurs-day last made an attempt to destroy the life of his wife by throwing her into a well near his residence. After sending off the young man who was working for him, he came into the house, seized his wife, drag-ged her to the well and precipitated her head first to the bottom, a distance of about thirty feet. The young man returning soon after, she was rescued, considerably injured. We learn that the examination before J. G. Thurber, Esq., resulted in the binding over of the accused under \$8,000 bonds, and that the testimony showed the act to have been deliberate and without any cause for it on the part of Harmon.—Ashabula Sentinel.

MARRIED, On the 6th inst., at New-Lisbon, by Jabez Beaumont, Esq., Mr. ISAAC BAILEY of Fairmount, Stark County, to Miss DEBORAH WAINERY of New Garden, Columbiana Co.

## Notice.

JOSEPH A. and RUTH DODDLE'S Post Office address, until the first of Fifth month, will be Brownsville, Pa.; after that, until the first of Eighth month, Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa.

## Treasurer's Receipts, July 10th, 1850.

John Garretson, (by Oliver Johnson,)	\$10.00
A Friend, (by Oliver Johnson,)	15.00
Simon Mercedeth,	1.00
William Lightfoot,	10.00
Josiah France,	50
Edmund Smith,	6.00
James Miller,	2.00
Oliver Johnson,	10.00
James Clements,	3.00
Joshua W. Morgan,	1.00
Caroline and Elizabeth Grissell,	2.00
Ann Eliza Lee,	6.00
Henry Hahncenrat,	1.00
Ridgeway Haines,	1.00
Sarah Haines,	1.00
Ezra Brannan,	1.00
For Fair Goods, (by J. E. Jones,)	1.00
Wm. Steadman,	10.00
Elizabeth Steadman,	5.00
Isaac Trescott,	10.00
Amos Brosius,	5.00
Clark Trescott,	5.00

ISAAC TRESCOTT, Treas.

of W. A. S. S.

## Notices.

## Grand River A. S. Society.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Grand River A. S. Society, will be held in Southington on Sunday, July 21st, at 10 o'clock, A. M.—It is hoped that all will be present from the surrounding towns. J. W. Walker will at-tend.

## Meeting at Randolph.

On Sunday, 21st July, Dr. Everett will lecture at Randolph on Health and the Causes of Disease. Samuel Brooke expects to be present also and to speak on the Moral Obligations and Duties of Man.

## Western Anti-Slavery Fair.

In the prosecution of every reform, it has been found necessary to employ subordinate means for the accomplishment of the desired end; and amongst these, none have proved more efficient than well-conducted Fairs. The pecuniary results are but a small part of the advantages arising therefrom, though they are often by no means unimportant. Various motives bring together multitudes to attend them, of those opposed to the objects in view, as well as friends to the cause; and thus rare opportu-nities are afforded for a full, free social discus-sion of the desired reform, as well as for pub-lic addresses in its behalf.

With these facts in view, the undersigned women of Ohio have concluded to hold an Annual Fair in the town of Salem to promote the cause of Anti-Slavery. Every thing in the political world seems to point out the ne-cessity for renewed and untiring exertion in this most holy cause. The distinctions of Whig and Democrat are forgotten in the all-absorb-ing struggle for the extension of Slavery, and to all appearances the South will obtain every thing she asks. We believe a large part of the People of the North are in favor of Freedom, and that many members of the present Con-gress were elected with the expectation that they would firmly oppose any extension of the curse of Slavery; but some have proved to be voluntary recruits to their trust, and some have been frightened into submission to the Slave-Power. Let us then dedicate ourselves anew to the Cause of the Slave. Let us keep up agitation until the people shall as one man rise up and demand Universal Emancipation or Exemption from participation in the sin of holding our fellow-beings in bondage. Many of us can do but little. Yet let us not hold back on that account. Some of us are mothers, and though few of us can go forth and speak publicly in behalf of the stricken bondman, we may yet, by contributing our pittance in this way, by mingling with our neighbors, and pleading as our maternal feelings shall dictate for the stricken mother in the South, and in-stilling into the minds of those committed to our care an undying abhorrence of Injustice and Wrong, like the drops of rain, which, singly are unnoticed and insignificant, by uniting, change and invigorate the aspect of the whole world.

We propose holding a Fair, commencing the 31st of December, and continuing through the following day; and we would earnestly invite all persons, without respect to party or creed, to lend their aid by sending such contributions as they can make or procure. The funds arising therefrom: to be devoted to the dissemination of Anti-Slavery Truth, through the agency of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

SALLIE B. GOVE, M. A. W. JOHNSON,  
RACHEL TRESCOTT, JANE TRESCOTT,  
MARIA T. SHAW, LINDA SHAW,  
LAURA BARNABY, SARAH N. McMILLAN,  
ANN PEARSON, M. T. HARRIS,  
MARGARET HISE, MARY HARRIS,  
MARY ALFRED, RUTH ANNA TRESCOTT,  
ELIZABETH DICKINSON, MARY HOLLOWAY,  
HARRIET DICKINSON, AMADA GILLIS.

## Saddle for Sale.

FOR Sale, very cheap, a SADDLE, almost new. English tree. Will be sold in exchange for produce. Inquire of Oliver Johnson, at Howell Hise's.

## Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Vestings, Summer Cloths, &amp;c. &amp;c.

THE subscriber has on hand at his store one door West of the Salem Bookstore, Salem, O., a general assortment of Materials for Men's Clothing, which he will be glad to make up to order, or sell by the yard, to those who may want them.

Also a good supply of READY MADE CLOTHS, such as Coats, Vests, Pantalons, Shirts, Collars, Bosoms, Cravats, &c. &c.

Every exertion will be made to furnish those who may purchase the "ready made" or have their measure and orders, the right kind of gar-ments at the right kind of prices.

JAMES BARNABY.  
Salem, June 1st, 1850.

N. B. Tailoring Business in all its branches carried on as heretofore. J. B.

## TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS

Pelton's Large Outline Maps.

PERSONS wishing to obtain Pelton's Large Outline Maps—Pelton's Key to do, Naylor's System of Teaching Geography, or Bald-win's Universal Pronouncing Gazetteer, can do so by applying to



## Miscellaneous.

## The Centre-Table.

"Husband," said Mrs. N. (it was many years ago) "I think we must have a centre-table. I have some very tasteful volumes, and some beautiful shells, and a variety of things with which to furnish it; and indeed our parlor is quite singular without it, they are so common now."

"Well, Mary," replied the husband, "the house is your own domain, you know. Arrange it to your own taste."

Mr. N. was a talented young lawyer, in a pleasant New England town, devoted to his profession, and fond of his wife. At the time of their marriage he built a moderate-sized house, convenient and well proportioned, in the planning of which, the wife was consulted, and gratified entirely. He left it pretty much to her, and her discretion and good taste went no further than her present means allowed, and wants required. The fondness of a young congenial couple, like George and Mary N., is easily contented, it is too happy in itself, to be disturbed, by the suggestions of luxury and ambition.

During the first year of their married life, and while as yet the success of the young lawyer was problematical, the wife prided herself on the scrupulous but not niggardly economy with which she regulated her outlays; but now that his reputation was established, and his income considerable and increasing, she thought their circumstances not only justified, but demanded some moderate expenditures in the way of gratifying taste.

The centre-table was procured, therefore, and duly placed in the middle of a room of fifteen feet by sixteen. It looked newer than the surrounding furniture of the apartment, but was not otherwise out of keeping with it.

"How do you like it, husband? Don't you think I have arranged it prettily, and is it not an addition to the room?"

"An addition it obviously is," replied the husband, "and an agreeable one inasmuch as it pleases you—if for no other reason."

"I knew you would approve of it," the wife continued, "and really, the room has so long had that staid look, that it was time some change was made to relieve the sense of sameness."

"Husband," said Mary a few weeks later, "I find the parlor appears small—indeed it is rather cluttered—since we have got our centre-table; there is hardly room to get about in it. Mrs. C., who was here this morning, and indeed several ladies, have remarked it. I have been thinking how to remedy it. We have only to enlarge the house a little on that side. It will give us more room above, also as well as below; the cost will not be much, and it need not interrupt you in your business, as I can see to it. You know you are often consulting me with those words of King Lemuel, 'the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her,' so trust in me in this and I will see it done."

"Very well wife, consult your own wishes in the matter. It may be more of a job than you think, and perhaps you will conclude, in the end, that the better way had been to dispense with the table, instead of stretching the house to accommodate it. However, if you can put up with the dust and confusion of it, I have no objection."

"I think we can afford the expense," and as for the dust and disorder, that will soon be over. What I most regret is, that it will stretch the shabby and shoddy on that side. But they will grow again."

The carpenters were set at work, therefore, and the consequence was, the elongation of the house by several feet. In fitting the room, the carpet was of course too small, and a new one had to be bought, and the same was the case with the floor above. This was anticipated; but there was another consequence of the enlargement which had somehow not been thought of, the fire-place was no longer where it should be. It seemed to have removed itself almost to a corner of the room. This was the sad blunder in the eye of a lady of so much taste as Mrs. N., and the more vexatious as she herself was responsible for it. To pull down and rebuild the chimney was the only way to remedy it, and this, for the present, she did not venture to propose.

Mrs. N. was ambitious, but not unreasonably so, she loved symmetry and fitness, and could not bear to see things distorted and "out of sorts." With all her natural force of character, she could not content herself to see the fireplace where it was, and when summer came round again, the workmen were recalled, and the chimney moved.

The room was now complete, and as it should be, except that the ceiling was a little too low to suit its enlarged dimensions. But the external proportions of the house had suffered. The front-door and windows were as much out of place as the hearth within had been. This was another unforeseen result. It was endured three or four years till the wife proposed to remedy the defect by an extension of the house on that side equal to the other.

"Alas! the spirit of improvement," said an aged and infirm aunt, whose chamber had been twice invaded by these changes, "Alas the necessity of going on, when one has once embarked in it," the niece replied, "Really this altering an old house—though this is not an old one, is like the beginning of strife and the letting out of waters. But for that unlucky centre-table the house was well enough as it was, and I wish it had so remained. And now it is a standing snare upon our taste. It needs the additions to restore it to some shapeliness, and besides, as our children grow older, we shall find more room convenient. And so, as Mr. N. has no objections, I think we shall proceed."

In the execution of this resolve, more shrubbery was sacrificed, nor was that the worst. To accommodate the house, it was found necessary to shove the husband's office farther, and as the ground became sloping, it was found necessary to raise a high wall of masonry work for its reception. And now, was the house symmetrical? It was anything but that. Its length was too great for its elevation. It looked like a portion of a rope-walk. The projector of all these fine improvements wished a hundred times that it had remained as it was in those sunny days when she and her husband found it exactly to their minds. "Who would have thought," said she, "that all this would have come of so innocent a thing as a centre-table!"

However, she resolved to be content. Experiments were at an end, and she too too much sense and principle, and still too

happy in the objects of her domestic love, to allow herself to be vexed at that which could not be remedied. She bore the sly good humored railery of her husband, which he could not quite suppress, especially when some friend wished to be taken through the house to see its conveniences. Indeed, she often rallied herself, and told the whole story from beginning to end, adding, significantly, when a young wife listened to her, "Beware of centre-tables." And there were not many a young man as well as woman, that may profit by the caution? One ambitious or luxurious wish indulged, leads to a dozen more, each successive one more important than the preceding. There is many a heavy chain of which only the first and lightest link is visible only at the outset.

"Well, Mary," said Mr. N. one day, "suppose this house could be reduced to its original condition, you would like it done, would you not?" "With all my heart," she replied, "but this is, of course, impracticable." "Yes, but with your consent, we will to-morrow remove to another exactly like it, which, under cover of a stranger's name, has been built for me. In all but the site, the house and the office are exact fac-similes of what these were; and the site is equally eligible. As for the house we leave, I propose to resign it to our minister, who needs more room than he has, and as his salary is none too large, I shall make it rent-free."

*Journal of Commerce.*

## The Secret Not Detected.

To the Editor of The Tribune:

An investigation was made yesterday at Barnum's Hotel, by several ladies, to search out the origin of the "Mysterious Rappings," which in justice to Mrs. Fish and her sisters should be made public. The gentleman who was instrumental in bringing about this investigation has refused to sign any report, and has said that he did not wish his name coupled with any, but as it is fairly to be presumed that had trick and deception been discovered, as he suspected there would be, he would readily have taken the credit to himself of being the discoverer of a humbug of three years' existence which had occupied the close scrutiny of men wiser and more ingenious, it can be doing him no injustice to mention the facts in the case—which are briefly these: At the close of the second session at Mrs. Fish's rooms, yesterday, the gentleman, who gave his address, told Mrs. F. that he had come prepared to subject her and her sisters to the personal examination she had the day before invited. After some talk between him, Mrs. Fish and several of her friends, as to the proper course which should be pursued, and Mr. Fish having assured Mrs. Fish that the lady who had accompanied him there to take part in the examination was his wife, the gentlemen present were requested to retire from the room, and Mrs. Fish and her sisters were left in the hands of Mrs. Fish and three other ladies, all strangers to them.

Nearly an hour elapsed when the gentlemen were called to hear the report. It was in substance as follows: The three sisters had been sufficiently divested of their clothing to make it perfectly apparent that nothing was concealed about their persons by which they could produce the knockings; that while they were in that condition, the knockings were heard in different parts of the room. Their feet and ankles were particularly examined and watched while the knockings were heard, though Mrs. Fish stated that once she did not hear them when the feet of three ladies rested flat upon the floor. Two of the other ladies said they did, and the sounds appeared near to themselves. Soft and tables also underwent a thorough search, and nothing suspicious was found.

Other gentlemen soon after being admitted, Mr. Fish recapitulated the facts and concluded by saying the knockings did not appear to be the result of human agency, and the investigation went far to establish the truth of what was claimed for them. To wind up the inquiry it was proposed by friends of the ladies that they should stand upon chess-tubers. Six were accordingly brought into the room and placed upon the floor, a board was put across them upon which the ladies stood. After considerable delay on the part of the spirits, who, perhaps, thought matters had been carried further than was necessary, a beseeching appeal to them by Mrs. Fish to clear herself and sisters from suspicion brought several distinct knocks which were duly acknowledged by all present. I make the foregoing statement as an impartial witness, being an entire stranger to the three sisters or any one in any way connected with them. The question still remains in full force: How are the knockings produced?

## True Greatness.

Let us thank Heaven, too, that there are other standards of greatness besides vastness of territory, and other forms of wealth besides mineral deposits and agricultural exuberance. Though every hill were a Potomac, though every valley, like that of the Nile, were rank with fatness, yet might a nation be poor in the most desperate sense; blighted in the darkness of barbarism, the judgment-stricken of Heaven for its sins. A State has local boundaries which it cannot rightfully transcend; but the realm of intelligence, the sphere of clarity, the moral domain in which the soul can expand and exultate are illimitable—vast and boundless as the presence of the being that created them. Worldly treasure is of that nature that rust may corrupt, or the moth destroy, or thieves steal; but even upon the earth there are mental treasures which are unapproachable by fraud, impregnable to violence, and whose value does not perish, but is redoubled with the using. A State, then, is not necessarily fated to insignificance because its dimensions are narrow, nor doomed to obscurity and powerlessness because its numbers are few. Athens was small; yet, low as were her moral aims, she lights up a temple, Juda was small; but her prophets and teachers were, and will continue to be, the guides of the world. The narrow strip of half cultivated land that lies between her eastern and western boundaries is not Massachusetts; but her noble and incorruptible men, her pure and exalted women, the children in all her schools, whose daily lessons are the preludes and rehearsals of the great duties of life, and the prophecies of future eminence—THESE ARE THE STATE.—*Horace Mann.*

It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of his party to a lamp post.

From the National Era.

## A Sabbath Scene.

Scarcely had the solemn Sabbath bell ceased quivering in the steeple, scarcely had the parson to his desk walked stately through his people—

When down the summer shaded street  
A wasted female figure,  
With dusky brow and naked feet,  
Came rushing wild and eager.

She saw the white spire through the trees,  
She heard the sweet hymn swelling;  
Oh, pitying Christ! a refuge give  
That poor one to His dwelling!

Like a scared fawn before the hounds,  
Light up the aisle she glided,  
While close behind her, whip in hand,  
A lauk haired hunter strided.

She raised a keen and bitter cry,  
To Heaven and Earth appealing;  
Were manhood's generous pulses dead?  
Had woman's heart no feeling?

A score of stout hands rose between  
The hunter and the flying;  
Age clenched his staff, and maiden eyes  
Flashed fearful, yet defying.

"Who dares profane this house and day?"  
Cried out the angry pastor.  
"Why bleed your soul, the wench's slave,  
And I'm her lord and master!"

"I've law and gospel on my side,  
And who shall dare refuse me?"  
Down came the parson, bowing low,  
"My good sir, pray excuse me!"

"Of course I know your right divine  
To own and work and whip her;  
Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglot  
Before the wench, and trip her!"

Plump dropped the holy tome, and o'er  
His sacred pages stumbling,  
Bound hand and foot, a slave once more  
The hapless wretch lay trembling.

I saw the parson tie the knots,  
The while his flock addressing,  
The Scriptural claims of slavery  
With text on text impressing.

"Although," said he, "on Sabbath day,  
All secular occupations  
Are deadly sins, we must fulfill  
Our moral obligations:

"And this commands itself as one  
To every conscience tender;  
As Paul sent back Onesimus,  
My Christian friends, we send her!"

Shriek rose on shriek; the Sabbath air  
Her wild cries rose asunder;  
I listened, with hushed breath, to hear  
God answering with His thunder!

All still!—the very altar's cloth  
Had smothered down her shrieking,  
And, dumb, she turned her face to face,  
For human pity seeking!

I saw her dragged along the aisle,  
Her shrieks harshly clanking;  
I heard the parson, over all,  
The Lord devoutly thanking!

My brain took fire; "Is this," I cried,  
The end of prayer and preaching?  
Then down with pulpit, down with priest,  
And give us Nature's teaching!

"Foul shame and scorn be on ye all  
Who turn the good to evil,  
And steal the Bible from the Lord,  
To give it to the Devil!"

"Tian garbled text or parchment law  
I own a statute higher,  
And God is true, though every book  
And every man's a liar!"

Just then I felt the deacon's hand  
In wrath my coat-tail seize on;  
I heard the priest cry, "Infidel!"  
The lawyer mutter, "Treason!"

I started up—where now were church,  
Slave, master, priest and people?  
I only heard the super-bell,  
Instead of clanging steple.

I woke; and lo! the fitting cause  
Of all my dream's vagaries—  
Two bulky pamphlets, Webster's text  
With Stuart's commentaries!

But, on the open window's sill,  
O'er which the white blooms drifted,  
The pages of a good old book  
The wind of summer lifted.

And flower and vine, like angel wings  
Around the Holy Mother,  
Waved softly there, as if God's truth  
And Mercy kissed each other.

And, freely, from the cherry bough  
Above the casement swinging,  
With golden bosom to the sun,  
The oriole was singing.

As bird and flower made plain of old  
The lessons of the Teacher  
So now I heard the written Word  
Interpreted by Nature!

For to my ear methought the breeze  
Bore freedom's blessed word on;  
THUS SAITH THE LORD: BREAK EVERY YOK,  
UNDO THE HEAVY BURDEN!

J. G. W.

How TO AVOID CATCHING COLD.—Accustom yourself to the use of sponging with cold water every morning on first getting out of bed. It should be done quickly, and followed by a good brisk rubbing with a rough towel. It has considerable effect in giving tone to the skin, and maintaining a proper action in it; and thus proves a safeguard to the injurious influence of cold and sudden changes of temperature: therefore a person who is in the habit of thus fortifying the skin will be much less likely to suffer injury from heated rooms and a change from a hot room to the cold air. Sir Astley Cooper says, "The methods by which I preserve my own health are, temperance, early rising and bathing the body every morning with cold water immediately after getting out of bed; a practice which I have adopted 30 years; and though I go from the hot theatre into the squares of the hospital, in the severest winter nights, yet I scarcely ever catch a cold."

There is no eloquence so powerful as the address of a holy and consistent life. It charms the accusing. It puts to silence the ignorance of a foolish man. It constrains all to admire.

Rome and New York.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, writing from the papal city of Rome, says:

To bring the case of the poor Romans home to readers, let them imagine New York to be conquered after a heroic defence, and held in subjection by a foreign power to a conclave of priests, who have no sympathies in common with the people. To deny the right of these priests to rule, has been proclaimed a damnable heresy; and all who have acted against it, have been excommunicated. Let us suppose nine months to have passed since the city was reduced, and not only the revolutionary Assembly and Cabinet, but all the commissioned officers of the army, and all the leading politicians of the party, to have long since been driven away. The people are encouraged to hope that the head of the Christian Church will, upon his entrance into the city with unlimited authority, bring them relief. A man now hopes for better times in business, and thinks he will go to Boston, for instance, to purchase goods. But he must first have a paper signed by the priest of his parish, testifying that the Church has nothing against him, i. e., that he has confessed and taken the sacrament not long since, and is sufficiently orthodox. Next he must have from the alderman of his ward a certificate of his good political conduct; i. e., that he is not an opposer of the priestly government. With these two papers, if he can get them, he must go to the police, give his name and residence, and wait until inquiry can be made as to his political character. If he passes these three ordeals, he receives a written permission to go to Boston by a certain route. But if he is among the excommunicated, or, if any one has secretly lodged accusation against him, he finds himself caught in a net, and at the mercy of revengeful powers. He may be led from the police to the prison, and there lie for weeks without knowing his accusation, and be released at last without examination or trial. No legal sentence is necessary for his punishment; his friends have no *habeas corpus* law to bring him out. The man's business is ruined, his family are in distress, and yet here he must stay, crushed in spirit and in affairs. He discovers perhaps that his little son was employed by the priest to hunt through the house for prohibited books and papers; some of the old republican handbills were found thrown aside, and forgotten—nothing indicating any new conspiracy—yet this was the cause of his imprisonment! What say freemen of America to such an imaginary picture of Rome a month after the return of Pius IX.

## Fresh Air.

Man acts strangely. Although a current of fresh air is the life of his very lungs, he seems indefatigably in the exercise of his inventive powers to deprive himself of this heavenly blessing. Thus he carefully closes every cranny of his bedchamber against its entrance, and he prefers that his lungs should receive the mixed effluvia from his cellar and larder, and from a patent little modern aquarium in lieu of it. Why should man be so terrified at the admission of night air into any of his apartments? It is nature's overflowing current, and never carries the destroying angel with it. See how soundly the delicate little wren and tender robin sleep under its full and immediate influence, and how fresh and vigorous, and joyous they rise amid the surrounding dew drops of the morning. Although exposed all night long to the air of heaven, their lungs are never out of order, and this we know by the daily repetition of their song. Look at the newly born hare, without any nest to go to. It lives and thrives, and becomes strong and playful under the unmitigated inclemency of the falling dews of night. I have here a fine male turkey, full eight years old, and he has not passed a single night in shelter. He roosts in a cherry tree, and always is in primest health throughout the year. Three dunnell fowls, preferring the cherry tree to the warm perches in the hen house, took up their quarters with him early in October, and have never gone to any other roosting place. The cow and the horse sleep safely on the cold damp ground, and the roebuck lies down to rest in the heather, on the dewy mountain's top. I myself can sleep all night long, bareheaded, under the full moon's watery beams, without any fear of danger, and pass the day in wet shoes without catching cold. Coughs and colds are generally caught in the transition from an overheated room to a cold apartment; but there would be no danger in this movement if ventilation were properly attended to—a precaution little thought of now days.—*Watson's Essays on Natural History.*

GIFT OF A MAGNIFICENT BIBLE.—Editors Evening Traveller.—With no ordinary pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of a most beautiful and splendid copy of the Holy Scriptures, from an unknown lady. In it is written, "Presented to Dr. Francis Cresswell, of Bedford, as a token of esteem and gratitude, for his generous advocacy of woman's political rights in his Concord letter."—*MARTHA.*

Finding that my motives in writing that communication have been misconceived, self-respect compels me to say, it was a *burlesque* on female politics and the course pursued by the madbrain advocates of woman's rights. Should the 'fourth party' take umbrage at this frank confession, I shall have cause to apprehend an immediate excommunication from their Church.

It is worthy of remark, that the political rights of females are not recognized in the teachings of the very book so kindly presented to me, and for which the fair donor will please accept my most profound acknowledgments.

Very respectfully, &c.,  
FRANCIS COGGESWELL.

Bedford, June, 1850.

Mrs. PARTINGTON is in ILL HEALTH.—"La' me," sighed Mrs. Partington, "here I have been sufferin' the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First, was seized with a painful phrenology in the hamphire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me information in the bora, and now I am sick with the chloroform morbus.—There is no blessin' like that of health, particularly when you are sick."

Agents for the Bugle.

## OHIO.

New Garden—D. L. Galbreath and I. Johnson.  
Columbiana—Lot Holmes.  
Cool Springs—Mahlon Irvin.  
Berlin—Jacob H. Barnes.  
Marlboro—Dr. K. G. Thomas.  
Canfield—John Wetmore.  
Lowville—John Bissell.  
Youngstown—J. S. Johnson.  
New Lyme—Marsena Miller.  
Selma—Thomas Swayne.  
Springboro—Ira Thomas.  
Harveysburg—V. Nicholson.  
Oakland—Elizabeth Brooke.  
Chagrin Falls—S. Dickenson.  
Columbus—W. W. Pollard.  
Georgetown—Ruth Cope.  
Gandyburg—Alex. Glenn.  
Farmington—Willard Curtis.  
Bath—J. B. Lambert.  
Ravenna—Joseph Carroll.  
Wilkesville—Hannah T. Thomas.  
Southington—Caleb Greene.  
Mt. Union—Joseph Barnaby.  
Malta—Wm. Cope.  
Richfield—Jerome Hurlburt, Elijah Poor.  
Lodi—Dr. Sill.  
Chester—Roads—Adam Sanders.  
Painesville—F. McGrew.  
Franklin Mills—Isaac Russell.  
Granger—L. Hill.  
Hartford—G. W. Bushnell and W. J. Bright.  
Garrettsville—A. Joiner.  
Andover—A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.  
Achootown—A. G. Richardson.  
East Palestine—Simon Sheets.  
Granger—L. S. Spees.

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Pittsburgh—H. Vashon.  
Newberry—J. M. Morris.  
INDIANA.  
Winchester—Clarkson Puckett.  
Economy—Ira C. Mauley.  
Peoria—John L. Michener.

## DR. CHARLES MUNDE'S WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT, AT NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

THIS Establishment is situated at Bensonville, on the west bank of Mill River, two and a half miles from the Northampton Railroad Depot, seven hours' ride from New York, about five from Boston, and five from Albany, in one of the pleasantest valleys of New-England, surrounded with wood-grown hills, with shady walks, and abundantly supplied with the purest, softest, and coolest granite water. The air is pure and healthy, and the climate mild and agreeable. The new and spacious buildings offer all the conveniences for water-cure purposes, such as large plunge baths, douches, and airy lodging rooms for about fifty patients, separate for either sex, a gymnasium, piano, &c. The Doctor being the earliest disciple of Priessnitz now living, and having an experience of more than fifteen years of his own, (his writings on Water-Cure being in the hands of every European hydropath), hopes to respond to any reasonable expectations from the Water-Cure System, made on the part of those sufferers who may confide themselves to him. He, as well as his wife and family, will exert themselves to ensure to their patients every comfort compatible with the chief purpose of their residence in the establishment.

Persons desirous of following a course of treatment, should provide themselves with two or three woolen blankets, two comfortable, some linen sheets, some towels, some old linen, and a couple of pillow cases. In case of need, these objects may be procured in the establishment.

Patients are requested to apply to the Doctor either personally or by letter, under the above address, giving a full statement of their case, and the result of their former treatment.

TERMS: For board and treatment, \$10 per week. Ladies and gentlemen accompanying patients, \$5 per week. Treatment out of doors, without board, \$5 per week. To patients occupying attic rooms, or one room with another person, a reasonable allowance will be made. Payment is expected every week. Patients who stay only part of a week in the establishment, are expected to pay the price of a full week.

Letters including a reasonable fee, will be properly attended to. A moderate charge will be made for consultations.

May, 1850.

## ANTI-SLAVERY BOOKS!!

THE following are for Sale at the SALEMAN BOOKSTORE.

Jay's Review of the Mexican War.  
The Young Abolitionists, by J. E. Jones.  
Liberty Bell.  
Douglass' Narrative.  
Brown's Do.  
Brown's Anti-Slavery Harp.  
Archy Moore.  
Slavery Illustrated in its effects upon Woman.  
Despism in America.  
Church as it is, the forlorn hope of Slavery.  
Brotherhood of Thieves.  
Slaveholder's Religion.  
War in Texas.  
Garrison's Poems.  
Pierpont's Poems.  
Phillips Wheatley's Poems.  
Condition of the People of Color.  
Legion of Liberty.  
Madison Papers.  
Phillips' Review of Spooner.  
Disunionist.  
Moody's History of the Mexican War.  
Letters and Speeches of G. Thompson.  
Pamphlets. Also a variety of other Reform publications; such as  
Equality of the sexes, By Sarah M. Grimke.  
May's Discourse on the Rights and Condition of Woman.  
Auto-biography of H. C. Wright.  
James Boyle's letter to Garrison.  
Pious Frauds, Pillsbury.  
Water-Tracts.  
Health-Cure Manual.  
Female Midwifery.  
N. P. Rogers' Writings.  
Theodore Parker's Sermons.  
Ballou's Non-Resistance.  
George S. Burleigh's Poems.  
&c. &c.

Also a General assortment of Books, Miscellaneous, Scientific and Literary.  
BARNABY & WHINERY.  
August 31, 1849.

## BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, AND THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

## Premiums to New Subscribers!

Owing to the late revolutions and counter-revolutions among the nations of Europe, which have followed each other in rapid succession, and of which "the end is not yet," the leading periodicals of Great Britain have become invested with a degree of interest hitherto unknown. They occupy a middle ground between the hasty, disjointed, and necessarily imperfect records of the newspapers, and the elaborate and ponderous treatises to be furnished by the historian at a future day. The American Publishers, therefore, deem it proper to call renewed attention to these Periodicals, and the very low prices at which they are offered to subscribers. The following is their list, viz:

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW,  
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,  
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW,  
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, and  
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

In these periodicals are contained the views, moderately, though clearly and firmly expressed, of the three great parties in England—Tory, Whig, and Radical. "Blackwood" and the "London Quarterly" are Tory, the "Edinburgh Review" Whig, and the "Westminster Review" Liberal. The "North British Review" owes its establishment to the last great revolutionary movement in Scotland, and is not unfavourable to any one of the grand departments of human knowledge; it was originally edited by Dr. Chalmers, and now, since his death, being conducted by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna, associated with Sir David Brewster. Its literary character is of the very highest order.

The "Westminster," though reprinted under the title only, is published in England under the title of the "Foreign Quarterly" and "Westminster," it being in fact a union of the two Reviews formerly published and is printed under separate titles. It has therefore the advantage, by this combination, of uniting in one work the best features of both as heretofore issued.

The above Periodicals are reprinted in New York, immediately on their arrival in the British steamers, in a beautiful type, on fine white paper, and are faithful copies of the originals—*Blackwood's Magazine* being an exact fac-simile of the Edinburgh edition.

## TERMS.

For any one of the 4 Reviews, \$3.00 per year.  
For any two of the Reviews, 5.00 do.  
For any three of the Reviews, 7.00 do.  
For all four of the Reviews, 8.00 do.  
For Blackwood's Magazine, 3.00 do.  
For Blackwood and 3 Reviews, 9.00 do.  
For Blackwood and 4 Reviews, 10.00 do.

Payments to be made in all cases in advance.

## PREMIUMS.

Consisting of back volumes of the following valuable works, viz:  
*Bentley's Miscellany.*  
*The Metropolitan Magazine.*  
*Blackwood's Magazine.*  
*London Quarterly Review.*  
*Edinburgh Review.*  
*Foreign Quarterly Review.*  
*Westminster Review.*

Any one subscribing to Blackwood, or any one of the Reviews, at \$3 a year, or any two of the Periodicals, at \$5, will receive gratis, one volume of any of the premiums above named.

A subscriber to any three of the Periodicals, at \$7 a year, or to four Reviews, at \$9, will receive two premium volumes as above.

A subscriber to Blackwood and three Reviews, at \$9 a year, or to the four Reviews and Blackwood, at \$10, will receive three premium volumes.

Consecutive Premium volumes will be furnished when practicable, but to prevent disappointment, subscribers are requested to order as many different works for premiums as they may require volumes.

## CLIPPING.

Four copies of any or all of the above works will be sent to one address, on payment of the regular subscription for them, the fourth copy being gratis.

No premiums will be given where above allowance is made to clubs, nor will premiums in any case be furnished unless the subscription money is paid in full to the publishers, without recourse to an agent.

Remittances and communications should be always addressed, postpaid or franked, to the publishers.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,  
79 FULTON-ST., New York, entrance 54 Gold.

EARLE'S CAST-STEEL IONIA & STROF FOR RAZORS AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS. A sure Remedy for all the Diseases to which the Razor is subject.

This article proves to be superior to any in use, not only for restoring Razors to their original cutting state, but giving it a finer and smoother edge than any other article now in use. I will just say (notwithstanding facts are everywhere) that within three years past I have met with Razors laid by as useless, which, when crumpled on the edge, and on applying the razor to the bone, restored them to their former cutting state; and I have only to say, if there is a Razor which has become soft from use, crumple on the edge, I have not yet met with such in testing more than one thousand of different stamps.

Manufactured by D. Earle, Portage Co., Ohio. THIS IS TO CERTIFY that we have used Earle's Improved Stone and Stop for Razors and Surgical Instruments some months, and we find it superior to any thing of the kind I have seen tried.

ZADOK STREET,  
JAMES MALMISTRY,  
JOHN S. ALFEE,  
J. HUDSON.

Salem, O., Nov. 1, 1849.

For sale by FAWCETT & JOHNSON, Salem, O., October 16, 1849.

SAWING AND TURNING.

THE subscribers are prepared to do all kinds of SAWING AND TURNING, For Carriage Coaches and Wagon Makers, at their shop, opposite the Salem Hotel.

JAS. &